The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1888.

The Week.

AMONG the telegrams from Paris last week on the financial collapse of the Panama Canal Company, was one saying that the Government would not step into the company's shoes and undertake the completion of the canal, because there was an understanding with the United States in the year 1880 that the latter would not interfere with the work so long as it remained a private enterprise. The corollary of this proposition was, that if it became a Government enterprise, the United States would look upon it as an infringement of the Monroe doctrine. We have no doubt that this is a controlling consideration with the French Government, for, whatever their own diplomatic correspondence of the period may disclose, all the public documents on our side concur in the opinion that governmental control on the part of any European Power or combination of Powers would be inadmissible. We may cite President Hayes's special message to Congress on the 8th of March, 1880, and President Garfield's inaugural message on the 4th of March, 1881. The language employed by the latter is substantially a permit on our part to the Lesseps Company, or any other private undertaking which shall have obtained the requisite authority from the Columbian Government, to make a canal if it can. It is equally a notification to the world that we could not allow a foreign Government to make a lodgment on the Isthmus, where it would necessarily stand, with force and arms, between our Atlantic and our Pacific coasts. This is the position which we hold officially, and it is the position which all parties and factions sustain. Public opinion is unanimous on the subject.

We cannot doubt that this is a consideration of the greatest weight with the French Government, and that it will spare them a great deal of embarrassment in dealing with a desperate situation at home. The stock and bond holders of the Lesseps Company might be strong enough to overcome the reluctance of the Ministry to take up the work if there were not a stronger opposing force in sight. There is but one alternative. If the French Government will not step into the shoes of the bankrupt corporation, some new company must do so, or the work must be abandoned and the money already spent must be lost. So far as the Lesseps Company is concerned, it is probably lost already; for it is extremely doubtful whether a syndicate of capitalists can be found or formed in the world who will pay more than a nominal price for the débris on the Isthmus on condition of completing the work. There are still two engineering problems of great magnitude unsolved, namely, the control of the floods of the Chagres in the rainy season, and the supply of water to the upper level of the lock-canal in the dry season. No new company will put up money until a clear understanding is obtained on both these points. The former is the more important of the two. With unlimited means, a sea-level canal can be built, but it is not certain that the Chagres can be controlled. The river crosses the line of the canal at twenty-two places; at times it rises forty feet in a few hours. With anything less than a dam of unexampled size and strength, it would put the canal in constant jeopardy, and might destroy it in a few hours. Whatever the future may have in store for this profligate and ill-starred enterprise, it seems certain that holders of both shares and bonds (except those of the lottery loan for which deposits have been made with the Crédit Foncier) will lose their entire investment.

We are told that Mr. Huston, the Chairman of the Indiana Republican Committee, has been covered with ridicule because he has been a candidate for a "Cabinet position," and tried to get a resolution through the Committee endorsing him for the place. We do not see any good cause for the ridicule, however, except the fact that his campaign contribution was only $10,000, with which he met some of the Committee's bills. It is, of course, absurd for a man of his experience to expect a "Cabinet position" for so small a sum as this, in these days when election expenses are so heavy. He must have been dreaming when he thought of getting even the War Department for that sum. We do not believe that it would, in the present state of the market, bring anything better than a South American mission, or possibly a consul-generalship.

Without meaning to speak lightly or disrespectfully of a man who is "worth about $15,000,000," we must observe that we think Mr. Wharton Barker, or his friend Col. W. B. Crooks of Philadelphia, is very bold to expect to get the Secretaryship of the Treasury for $41,000. We are sure Gen. Harrison will not dispose of it to any man for any such sum as that, and particularly to a man who, if he has $15,000,000, could pay twice that amount without feeling it. If we are not greatly mistaken, John Wanamaker of Philadelphia would pay more than twice as much for the Post-office, which is not worth half as much as the Treasury. In fact, Gen. Harrison will make a great mistake if he lets any "Cabinet position" go for less than $100,000. The War Department is worth that, and the Navy say $150,000; and we would not, were we in his place, put any man, no matter who he was, in the Interior, Treasury, or State Department for less than $200,000 each. If the applicant has not paid as much as that to the last campaign fund, he can give his note for 1892. Wharton Barker, though bent on eminence, has evidently a very frugal mind. He wants cheap greatness, but he cannot have it in this Republic, we trust.

Apropos of Wharton Barker, were not the Union League Club's resolutions of Thursday aimed at him and Wanamaker, as well as at the wretched Platt of this city? They were excellent of their kind, a better piece of work than the Union League Club has done for many a day. One of them "warmly protests" against "the studied efforts which are being made with undisguised impertinence to force his [the new President's] hand, and to put upon him clamorous applicants for places in his Cabinet, on the ground of alleged partisan services, or pecuniary contributions, or local control." This sounds like the better days of American politics, and will meet with a hearty response from every man who loves his country intelligently, but it certainly covers two-thirds of the gentlemen who are now in the field as candidates for "Cabinet positions." At least this proportion plead "partisan services, or pecuniary contributions, or local control." It ought to be not only possible for Gen. Harrison, but incumbent on him, to say to a candidate who claimed a place in return for money paid into the party treasury, that if he really wished an office, it was most unfortunate that he should have made a large pecuniary contribution, as this of course made his appointment impossible; that it would have the appearance of a sale, and, in point of fact, would be the sale of a place of trust under the Government, and therefore probably an indictable or impeachable offence under Section 5502, U. S. Rev. Statutes. Anyhow, if the President did not violate the letter of this section in giving an office in return for contributions, he would certainly violate the spirit of it, and a man of Gen. Harrison's character would certainly make no distinction between these two things.

Senator Hiscock was very much stirred up by some remarks of Senator Berry on the proposed increase of duty on cotton ties. Mr. Berry had stated that the tax proposed by the Finance Committee would amount to twenty cents for every bale of cotton produced. Mr. Hiscock contended that the ties could be sold and were sold in Liverpool, after the cotton was unbaled, for two-thirds of their original cost, so that the tax was only seven cents a bale. Mr. Berry did not understand the facts to be such as Mr. Hiscock had stated, but "if they were true," he said, "the argument of the Senator is that instead of robbing the farmers of the South of twenty cents a bale, we are robbing them of only seven cents a bale, and therefore we have a right to take this small amount because it is small." It had been previously stated and admitted that there was no manufacture of cotton ties in this country, and it was stated in the title

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of the bill under discussion that it was a measure "*to reduce taxation.*" The proposed increase of duty from 35 per cent. to 108 per cent. was, therefore, a case where untruth had been added to robbery, but Mr. Berry only mentioned robbery. This characterization excited Mr. Hiscock to a high pitch. He said that he had heard that cry about the robbery of the tariff on the hustings in the campaign, that a verdict had been taken upon it before the people, that the verdict was "largely in favor of a protective tariff," and so he didn't want to hear any more of such talk for four years to come, when there would be a chance to try it over again.

The illogical position of the honorable Senator from New York can be easily shown without wandering very far from his own doorway. He is a member of the Finance Committee which reported this bill. Among the provisions to which he assented is one which reduces the duty on refined sugar about 50 per cent. This clause was explained and defended by Senator Allison in terms which implied that the present duty on refined sugar amounted to robbery, and the robbery of very poor people. He did not use the word robbery, but what he said was that the House bill, which reduced the duty much less than the Senate bill, "legislated $6,000,000 into the pockets of the Sugar Trust." If that is not robbery under the forms of law, perhaps Mr. Hiscock and Mr. Allison can explain to each other, or to the public, where the difference lies. Now, suppose that some Senator gets up when the sugar schedule is reached, and declares that since the people have given a verdict "largely in favor of a protective tariff," therefore nobody has a right to say that the Mills bill legislates $6,000,000 into the pockets of the Sugar Trust, or that the present tariff gives that direction to double that sum of money. Suppose that Senator Payne has an interest in sugar-refining as well as in structural-iron making, and objects to any reduction in the duty because the people have passed upon these questions in the election. Suppose that he or some other Senator proposes to increase the duty 50 or 75 per cent., giving the same reasons. It is not improbable that both Mr. Hiscock and Mr. Allison would call it robbery. If they did not, they would certainly consider it such. But whatever Mr. Hiscock may consider it or call it, he will be compelled to hear the thing called by its right name a great many times before the next four years roll around. The Constitution has not limited tariff discussions to four-year periods, nor has it given to one party the exclusive right to choose the terms of the debate.

Now that the Democrats want to admit New Mexico as a State, the Republicans object to the proposition, and a good many party organs, which either are ignorant themselves or presume upon the public forgetfulness, represent the project as having always been a nefarious Democratic scheme which the good Republicans have always fought. Thus the Philadelphia *Press* says that "the Democratic politicians have been trying to make it a State for very nearly forty years," concealing the fact that it is only about a third of forty years since Democratic politicians were opposing, and Republican politicians advocating, its admission. In the Forty-third Congress the Republicans had 49 of the 74 Senators, and 195 of the 292 Representatives. At the first session of that Congress the House passed a bill for the admission of New Mexico by a vote of 160 to 54, and at the second session the Senate also passed the bill, although it was happily so amended in the closing days of the session that it fell to the ground between the two branches. This was the last serious effort that has been made in the case of New Mexico, and the Republicans must bear the shame which all candid people now confess was involved in the proposition to give what the *Press* properly calls a "half-breed, unprogressive population" equal power in the United States Senate with New York and Pennsylvania, simply because, as New Mexico then seemed likely to be Republican, the dominant party thought this an easy way of strengthening its hold upon the country. It is pleasant to find that Republican organs now treat with respect an argument against the admission of New Mexico which was spurned with contempt by Republican advocates of the scheme in Congress fourteen years ago.

The Wheeling *Intelligencer* suggests that the name of its State be changed from West Virginia to Kanawha. It holds that every State should have a distinct name, a well-sounding name, a name taken, if possible, from some distinctive feature of its own, and, if feasible, a name which preserves some rich native Indian name—all of which requirements are met for West Virginia by Kanawha. Every right-minded American will wish the *Intelligencer* success in its most commendable effort to bring about a reform which was contemplated, but unhappily not carried through, when the State was formed. One good effect of the change in West Virginia's case might be to persuade Washington Territory to become the State of Tacoma, and Wyoming to take on another designation, and to prevent the admission of two States called Dakota—all things earnestly to be desired.

The *Voice* figures out the Prohibition vote returned in 1888 as nearly 250,000, against a trifle over 150,000 in 1884, but it claims that the vote actually cast this year was some thousands larger, charging election officers of both the old parties, in North and South alike, with having suppressed the record of a good many Prohibition ballots. As the total for St. John in 1884 contained many thousands of votes from men who did not believe in prohibition, but who supported that party because they were unwilling to cast their ballots for either Blaine or Cleveland, while Fisk received no such support this year, it seems reasonable to suppose that the genuine Prohibition vote has doubled since 1884. But the outlook for the future of the party cannot be considered encouraging. One-eighth of the total vote for Fisk was cast in this State, but the Prohibition vote in New York this year was nearly 12,000 less than last year. Moreover, everybody can see that if it had sunk still nearer to zero, the outlook for the cause of temperance in this State during the next three years might have been much more promising than it now is. Indeed, Connecticut is the only State where the party has really thrown its influence on the side of temperance. The Republicans of that State having nominated a champion of the saloons, it seems clear that the running of a Prohibition candidate for Governor took away from Bulkeley many votes which might have been retained if the only alternative for dissatisfied Republicans had been the Democratic ticket, and thus prevented the disgrace of Bulkeley's receiving a plurality of the popular vote—although unhappily he is to get the office through the Legislature. But with this exception we know of no State where the practical effect of running a Prohibition ticket was beneficial to the cause of temperance; and so long as the Prohibition party occupies this attitude, there is little probability of its becoming a power.

As nearly as can be estimated, the number of women who voted for School Committee in Boston on Tuesday week was about 17,000, being 80 per cent. of the number registered. The number registered fell over 5,000 short of the number assessed, and there seems no doubt that this falling off occurred among the Catholics, the influence of the Church having all along been thrown against the participation of women in politics. While no analysis of the woman vote is possible, it seems clear that an overwhelming majority was cast on the Republican side. So long as the Catholic Church maintains its present attitude on the question, the effect of extending the suffrage to women in Boston and elsewhere will naturally be to strengthen the Republican party. Once convince the politicians that this is the state of the case, and the prospect of securing municipal suffrage, and indeed full suffrage, for women will be greatly improved. Many students of the subject have held that the movement would ultimately be carried to success through being taken up as a party measure, and it is at least possible that Massachusetts will ultimately give woman the ballot because the Republican politicians have become convinced that they can in that way strengthen their party.

Nearly twenty years ago a strong attempt was made to commit the Republican party in Massachusetts to woman suffrage. The advocates of the cause held a convention in Boston September 29, 1870, at which they resolved to seek "recognition" from the approaching conventions of the two great parties. A committee accordingly presented a memorial to the Republican Convention, and asked the adoption of a resolution declaring that the party was "heartily in favor of the enfranchisement of woman, and will

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hail the day when the educated intellect and enlightened conscience of the women of Massachusetts find direct expression at the ballot-box." This appeal provoked an animated discussion, and the advocates of the resolution were hopeful of carrying it, but they were finally beaten by a vote of 196 to 139. The woman-suffragists next appealed to the Republican Legislature at its meeting the following January, and came still nearer success there, a motion to submit a constitutional amendment striking the word "male" from the clause relating to the electoral franchise being only defeated in the House by the casting vote of the Speaker. This was the high-water mark of the movement, and since 1871 it has pretty steadily lost ground in Massachusetts, until revived by the recent Boston incident, which may easily prove to have made it again a burning issue.

The petition of certain actors for protection from the ruinous competition of the pauper actors of Europe may be the means of arousing men in other professions to make a similar request. There was a time, a few years ago, when journalists might have joined in a general movement of this kind, but the profession has become so thoroughly "Americanized" of late years that foreign talent, if it be educated, is in slight demand. The language and style in which the "successful" American papers are written constitute of themselves an almost insurmountable bar to all foreigners. They can only be mastered by a residence of many years in this country. English theatrical managers declare that the "real reason why English actors are monopolizing the American stage is that they speak English, which the average American actor does not." That is the difference between the theatrical and journalistic professions. Anybody can see by a mere glance at the most successful newspapers of America, in this city or elsewhere, that there is no English monopoly of the profession at the present time.

Hard times appear to be in store for the International Company of Mexico, at least so far as its operations in Lower California are concerned. The Mexican Government sent out a special agent some months ago to investigate the International's affairs, and he has just published—or rather the Government has, in the *Diario Oficial*—his report, which is of a most damaging character. He visited all of the colonies established by the International, carefully compared the state of things in each with the official returns which the company had made, confronted the lists of colonists with the actual inhabitants he found, examined deeds and mortgages, and, in fact, made a thorough study of the situation. He charges that the company's surveys are largely fictitious; that it has not kept to the terms of its contract in either the number or the nationality of its colonists actually in the Territory; that it has sold lands in larger sections than permitted by its charter; that it has parted with some of its rights under the concession granted it to other corporations, and has done this in an illegal manner; that it has sold land to aliens in violation of the law; and that it has unlawfully taken possession of lands, not only not granted to it, but actually owned and occupied by Mexican citizens. Any one of these specifications, if sustained, would justify the Mexican Government in annulling the International's charter. No official step in that direction has been taken as yet, but the publication of the report in the Government organ may be taken as a notice to the International that it must satisfactorily dispose of the charges or suffer for it. The only defence thus far made by the company is a violent attack upon the capacity and honesty of the agent. It admits, also, that some of its official reports have been confused and misleading, though not, it maintains, dishonest.

The work of the Commission sitting in London on "Parnellism and crime" apparently entered on a new stage of indefinite length on Wednesday week, on the announcement of the Attorney-General that he was going to call witnesses as to the condition of counties of which he had made no mention in his opening address. Under this programme, he may go over every county in Ireland except two. The court and the Parnellite counsel protested vainly. The object of this prolongation is probably two-fold. The proving of the long catalogue of crimes and outrages, under the nose of the English public, is expected to have a good political effect in strengthening the hands of the Government and helping it at "by-elections"; and then it defers, until the public mind is saturated with these horrors, the proof of the genuineness of the Parnell letters which form the *crux* of the whole investigation. The general impression, however, we believe, in London now is that the *Times* is playing a losing game, that its confidence in the authenticity of the letters is gone, and that it is simply trying to make a masterly retreat. The result of the Holborn election shows clearly that, even in the metropolis, the investigation is damaging rather than helping the Unionist cause.

Monday's debate in the House of Commons revealed the extreme perplexity of the Ministry about Suakim. Lord Salisbury is on record as thinking that Egypt would do well to evacuate it; but he now maintains that he only said this as a private person, and that it is open to him as Prime Minister to hold a different opinion. The Opposition are pressing the Government to know whether it will allow another attack on the Arabs at Suakim, even if it endangers the lives of Emin Bey and Stanley; but they can get no positive answer, probably because it has not made up its mind. Nor would it be easy to explain the use of driving away Osman Digna's forces from the town if they are not to be pursued into the interior and prevented from coming back again. It must be admitted, however, that some doubt is thrown on Osman Digna's story of the capture of Emin Bey by the fact that he had no writing to show from Emin or Stanley. If either of them were a prisoner, he would eagerly embrace an opportunity to communicate with the European world, such as his captors could have offered him, and such as it would have been to their interest to offer. Osman Digna has sent in a paper, which he says was found on Stanley, as proof positive that Stanley has been captured; but he could just as easily have obtained a letter from Stanley himself, which would have settled the matter.

A writer in the *Figaro* calls attention to recent publications of the German African Colonization Society. Dr. Max Büchner, formerly German Consul at Cameroon, for instance, in his "Sketches and Reflections," proposes that if the Society "finds an opportunity to buy slaves in the interior, it should do it, as it will improve their lot. To the English missionaries must be left the sophism of talking of liberating, instead of buying"; and he suggests that the Society should "purchase their prisoners of war from the tribes in the interior, and use them as serfs held to labor. If it binds itself not to sell them, it is all that a reasonable humanity can ask." Another writer, Herr Zoller, says, in a book dedicated to Bismarck, that the negroes ought to be told that if they will not work for Europeans they must starve; and still another, Herr Hermann Bibo, thinks that in trying to civilize the negroes the children should be totally separated from the parents, and become the property of the planters. The truth is, that it is almost impossible to prevent Europeans who go to Africa for trading purposes, or with the view of making money, from thinking of some sort of negro slavery. The labor difficulty in those climates is in all undertakings a very serious one; the negro is able-bodied and enduring and submissive as no men of any other race are; and the sight of him basking in the sun and living on yams is more than an ordinary capitalist can bear.

There is a very curious piece of legislation at this moment before the Austrian Reichsrath—neither more nor less than the application of the law of primogeniture, which governs the descent of landed property among the nobility, to the farms and other property of the peasantry. Under the bill now under discussion, at the death of the head of a family his land and the means of cultivating it would all go to the oldest son. The promoters of the measure seek in this way to prevent the further division of the soil, which they think is working so much mischief in France, while its opponents maintain that it would enormously increase the number of the disinherited and penniless class, and drive the younger children into the ranks of Anarchy. The tendency in Austria is all towards the disappearance of small proprietors. The great landholders ruin them by competition or buy them out, and this bill would make an end of them, if it passed.

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AN EXTRA SESSION.

PROBABLY most of the matter telegraphed from Indianapolis daily, as to the sayings and thinkings of the President-elect, is pure invention. It is very likely, however, that he did intimate on Monday, as several newspapers report, that an extra session of Congress would probably be necessary. The progress making on the Tariff Bill in the Senate is so slow that it is now almost certain that no measure for tax reduction will be passed before the 4th of March. A measure of such importance, going to the roots of the only vital party differences of the time, must be debated and fought over *ad libitum*. A difference of one-tenth of a cent per pound in the duty on structural iron, for example, is of sufficient consequence to warrant and justify two or three days' discussion. It is important in a pecuniary sense, it is even more so in an educational sense; and if it turns out, as in this case, that the Senate Committee were in the wrong, and had to acknowledge that they were so, the value of the debate becomes clear to everybody. But the possibilities of debate and delay are equally great on every item in the bill, and upon some vastly greater. The holiday recess is approaching. After Congress reassembles, there will be scarcely eight weeks left for all the necessary work of the session. The Tariff Bill must give way to the appropriation bills, at all events. The end of the session will find all the problems in finance that confronted President Cleveland a year ago confronting President Harrison, but in an aggravated form.

The surplus anticipated in December, 1887, is now a reality. It has exceeded the estimate by six and a half millions. It has been kept within bounds by large disbursements for premiums on the public debt, $26,000,000 having been expended for this object during the year, of which $8,000,000 was for premiums on the sinking-fund bonds, and $18,000,000 for those appertaining to the surplus proper, leaving a Treasury balance on hand December 1, 1888, of upwards of $76,000,000. This surplus, the Secretary of the Treasury says, will be augmented by $75,000,000 on the 30th of June, 1889, so that Mr. Harrison will have to face an accumulation of more than $150,000,000 in the first four months of his term.

In the presence of facts of such magnitude, the new President can hardly avoid calling an extra session of Congress. He will not court the responsibility of continuing to buy bonds at advancing premiums when there is a mode of avoiding that responsibility. It is the duty of Congress, and not of the Executive, to dispose of surpluses. No blame can attach to the latter for playing into the hands of bond speculators if all other means have been exhausted. Much blame will attach if the most obvious means has been left untried. The calling of an extra session is the lawful and only reasonable solution of the difficulty.

It follows, of course, that the problem of tax reduction will be taken up where the present Congress leaves it. A new bill will be reported in the new House and a new debate will begin on the principles which should govern the policy of the nation. That the next House is Republican by a small but sufficient majority seems to be now conceded on all hands. It would have been a great misfortune if it had been otherwise. It is most important that the responsibility for all that happens in the next two years should be upon one party, and not upon two. A divided responsibility is no responsibility at all. What is wanted above all things is that the Republicans should play their game out, whatever it may be. They have carried the election in the mode prescribed by the Constitution. They have the right to govern, and they ought to show their hand. Holding both branches of Congress and the Executive, they cannot avoid showing it, whereas with only one house they would simply be at loggerheads with the other party, and would always be able to put half the blame on their opponents.

It is for the interest of the Democrats, no less than for the interest of the country, that the Republicans should be vested with the entire responsibility of the national finances. If the Republican party is wedded to a tariff policy that the country will not much longer tolerate, it is necessary that that fact should be made clear. Nothing can make it clear but full power to carry their policy into effect. If they are ridden by Trusts and combines and special interests to the degree that their opponents believe and affirm, it is best that all doubts and cavils should be removed. A single session of a Congress wholly controlled by them will throw light upon this question. And since time is important for national training and understanding of the question at issue, the need of an extra session must be regarded as a fortunate circumstance.

BALLOT REFORM IN OPERATION.

THE most disingenuous and unfounded charge which the opponents of ballot-reform legislation bring against every adequate measure that has thus far been proposed is that, as set forth in that particular bill, the remedy is too complex. We are in favor of the change, they say, but give us the remedy in a more simple form. There is nothing new in this objection. It was heard in Australia when the present admirable system of that country was proposed. It was heard again in England when the same system, with slight modifications, was proposed there. It was heard in Wisconsin when the present partial application of the same system was under consideration. It was heard in Kentucky when the new law for the city of Louisville, a much fuller application of the same system, was before the Legislature. It was heard in Massachusetts last year, when the first complete application of the system to the elections of an American State which has been made a law, was under discussion. It has been heard in New York almost continually from the outset of the ballot-reform discussion, and was the burden of the misleading and ill-informed argument against the system which Gov. Hill put into his veto of the Saxton-Yates bill.

In every instance it is a pretence. The men who use it either have not studied the question, or they are at heart against the reform. In no instance has this charge of complexity been heard after the law has gone into effect—a fact which is of itself a conclusive answer to the objection. In Australia there is only one opinion, and that is that the law is in every way a success. There is not the slightest complaint of delay or difficulty in its working, and the testimony of all authorities is that it has stopped bribery and intimidation at the polls, and secured a secret and honest ballot. The verdict in England is the same, as set forth in an interesting and valuable article by Mr. Edwin Goadby, an Englishman, in the December number of the *Political Science Quarterly*. Mr. Goadby gives an exhaustive history of the ballot in England, sums up the discussion which led to the adoption of the Australian system, and, in speaking of its practical working, says:

> "Considering the ferocity of its assailants and the zeal they displayed in prophecy, it is very remarkable that the ballot has so generally and completely fitted itself into the British Constitution. It has worked admirably. There is no wish for any change. . . . The ballot itself is rapidly and quietly taken; and the voter is often surprised to note how quickly the votes are recorded and the voters pass away, whilst the exterior of a polling-station is apparently so lifeless . . . English political opponents never before invented so many dreadful things, to discover that not a single one of them was true, as in the case of the ballot."

We commend this failure of prophecy to those people who have been misled by Gov. Hill's veto message. That is filled with predictions of confusion and disaster which have no real foundation in the provisions of the measure he was pretending to consider. In speaking of the illiterate voters, concerning whom Gov. Hill is especially anxious, Mr. Goadby makes this interesting statement:

> "Blind men are as common in some districts as illiterates, and they are passed on to the care of the policeman at the door. Instead of their infirmity proving a hindrance to them, they are delighted to exercise the franchise. Illiterates are not quite so eager to vote, except during municipal contests; and when they have children attending board schools they have been known to practise reading and filling up, to escape that sense of inferiority they might otherwise feel. Further, where there are only two or three names on a ballot paper, the position of the candidate for whom an illiterate wishes to vote can easily be made clear to a voter by his friends before he enters the booth."

Finally, Mr. Goadby gives this emphatic testimony upon the question of complexity and upon the abolishing of bribery:

> "It is admitted that the English system is simple, protected from fraud, and absolutely successful. There is positively no record of attempts to defeat its secrecy or to organize fraud, and if they were made they would be instantly discovered and punished. . . . The effect of the ballot on corruption has been very great. Treating and direct bribery were at once diminished by it. It is useless to corrupt unless its effects can be clearly traced; and spending money to purchase votes is simply waste when a voter, demoralized enough to take money, can still vote as he pleases without being found out."

Now, this law, which has proved so simple and so effective in practice, is a perfect labyrinth of complexity compared with any adaptation of it which has been proposed in

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this country. How does it happen, then, that it proves so successful in operation? Simply because what its critics call complexity is nothing more nor less than the necessary machinery of the system. The English act is most minute in covering every possible point of doubt or uncertainty in the specifications for working the new system. We do not need so minute a measure here, for we have the ballot already, which England had not; but we cannot hope to secure simplicity and success in the working of any system unless we make the act embodying the methods by which the system is to be put in operation, so specific that fraud and confusion will be guarded against at every point. Any "simple" bill which professed to provide for the introduction of so important a change in our election methods as this is, would be a fraud on its face.

But the English and Australian acts are not the only complex ones which have worked simply and well in practice. The Wisconsin law for the city of Milwaukee is "complex" in the same sense, but it has worked admirably in a municipal and national election, and is pronounced by all authorities to be a complete success. It has made elections orderly, has banished the "heelers" and the "workers" from the polls, and has stopped bribery. The Kentucky act for the city of Louisville, passed last winter, is by all odds the most complex of all the adaptations of the English and Australian acts which have been made in America. Yet, in the interesting account of its working in the first election held under it, which we published last week, the writer, a very competent observer, said: "The law, though apparently intricate, is really very simple, and it worked admirably. The election of last Tuesday was the first municipal election I have ever known which was not bought outright. As a matter of fact, no attempts at bribery were made, and a few comparatively unimportant infringements of the law will be severely handled."

THE COMPETITION OF TRUSTS.

ALL the arguments that we see or hear sustaining the legality of Trusts, end with the statement that they also contain the germ of competition which will eventually relieve the public of any harmful consequences of monopoly. Usually the Standard Oil Trust is pointed out as an illustration of the truth of the proposition, it being generally acknowledged that the price of oil has declined during the existence of the Trust, and has reached as low a figure as it could be produced for even if there had been no such thing as a Trust. The explanation of this phenomenon is very simple. The Standard Oil Trust never had a monopoly of oil territory or any considerable share of it. Oil territory has, in one sense, been unlimited, that is, nobody knew at any one time what the limit was, nor can anybody assign any limit now. Boring for oil has been open to the public at all times. Here competition has necessarily been free. The exuberance of nature has kept down the price of the article. When oil is found it gushes to the surface, and must be stored in tanks or it will be lost. Storage implies the loss of interest on capital. To stop this outgo the oil must be sold. The greater the aggregate gush, the lower the price. The law of supply and demand comes into play, and the Standard Oil Trust could not prevent it if they would. Even if they owned every refinery in the country, and controlled every avenue of transportation, they could not hold up the price against an accumulation of crude petroleum in their rear. Moreover, their market is largely foreign, and here they come into competition with Russian petroleum, which has lately become formidable. This competition reacts upon the home market powerfully; for although there is a small duty on foreign oil, it is of no consequence, under conditions like those now existing, when the pressure of the earth's yield forces a surplus outward at some price.

A Trust is a monopoly, or not a monopoly, according to the particular circumstances of each case. It is harmful or not according to these circumstances. We may grant that there is nothing illegal in these organizations, without conceding anything as to their effects upon society. One thing is certain, namely, that they are a new thing under the sun, and are accordingly to be judged by their effects, and not by rules or dogmas laid down at a period when no such thing existed. Monopolies have existed from the earliest times, but they have been monopolies of a different character, most commonly established by Governments—whether despotic or free makes no difference. A monopoly of the trade in salt granted by an absolute monarch is the same in its origin and foundation as a monopoly of an invention granted by our Patent Office, although differing greatly in moral character. A monopoly of trade with the East Indies or with the Hudson's Bay territory is of the same nature, being a grant from the supreme power of the State.

Trust monopolies are new things under the sun in the fact that they do not have their origin in any act of Government. They are, as Mr. Blaine said, "largely private affairs." He might have said wholly private affairs. They are an outgrowth of modern development of the means of communication. It has become possible for anybody to know the state of the markets and the conditions of supply and demand all over the world for any particular article. Some articles are of such diverse production, or are produced in such large quantity, that they cannot as yet be controlled by any aggregation of capital or by the possession of the most accurate knowledge of their quantities. Others, however, are of such a character, as to sources of supply or manipulation of product, that they can be controlled. All these are gradually passing under such control, and the process involves a redistribution of the rewards of industry of the whole people on a basis as artificial as a government monopoly could produce.

To say that competition will overthrow Trusts is a wholly unwarranted assumption. It may overthrow some and not others, and it may overthrow none. If it had been said in the beginning that competition would prevent the formation or successful operation of any Trusts whatsoever, that idea would have met with general acceptance, because it would have been in harmony with all experience; but now that experience has proved the contrary, the burden of proof is shifted upon the other side to show *how* competition will do the thing which is admitted to be best for the interests of society. This best thing is that no trade should yield unfair profits, because that implies that all others should yield less. By fair profits is meant the return that would be yielded under the influence of absolutely free competition, under which nine-tenths of mankind must always earn their living. In this discussion nobody can be allowed to indulge in generalities, because the Trusts have overcome generalities at the outset. Having abolished competition, they are required to show how it will come back in spite of everything they can do to prevent it. What remedy shall be devised to abolish them is another question. Probably no one remedy will altogether suffice; but in order that any may be adopted, it is first necessary to know where we stand.

THE WOOING OF CANADA.

MR. BUTTERWORTH'S resolutions to authorize the President to institute negotiations "looking to the assimilation and unity of the people of the Dominion of Canada and the United States under one government—such unity and assimilation to be based upon the admission of the several provinces of the Dominion, or any one of them, into the Union of States upon the same terms and equality with the several States now composing the Union," will probably strike the people of the Dominion as a too hasty change of front after the wrangle of the past three years over the fishery question. Mr. Butterworth would probably acknowledge that the present time is not propitious for anything more serious than a debate in Congress on his resolutions. It is not likely that they will even be debated on the other side of the line, and it is doubtful whether Congress will take up the matter seriously at this session. Mr. Butterworth has been the spokesman of commercial union in the House as Mr. Sherman has been in the Senate, and both are probably moved by the same impulse. The motive is commendable, and the project may be feasible at some future time; but we consider the present a most inopportune occasion for bringing it before the public—inopportune here as well as in Canada.

The opponents of political union—or annexation as they call it in Canada—are nearly all the influential classes in the Dominion. These are opposed also to commercial union, because they look upon the latter as a stepping-stone to the former, which indeed it is. Nevertheless, there is a respectable body of opinion in Canada, favorable to commercial union, which is not ready to entertain the thought of political union. Mr. Goldwin Smith explained the situation very candidly

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in his speech at the Chamber of Commerce dinner a few weeks ago. He said that the Commercial Union Club of Toronto embraced members of both political parties in Canada—the Conservatives, or Government party, and the Opposition—and that no question of political union was allowed to interrupt the harmony of their movement. No such question was ever raised or considered in their councils. They were making gains, especially among the agricultural classes, because they were able to show advantages of a material sort from commercial union. He believed that the idea would eventually, and at no distant day, prevail in the Canadian elections, despite the opposition of the protectionists and the office-holding class, if it were not mixed up with the question of separation from Great Britain in the political sense. That question, he said, should be left to the operation of time and natural causes. If the two countries should at some future period, by free choice, decide that political union was for their best interests, he believed that Great Britain would not only interpose no obstacle, but would bless the union. But all such talk was now premature or worse, because it was an obstacle to a fair and unbiassed consideration of commercial union.

If Mr. Butterworth's motion is premature, and therefore not helpful, on the other side of the line, how is it to be regarded on this side? If the protectionists of Canada are opposed to both kinds of union, what view will the same class take of it here? Mr. Butterworth is himself a protectionist of a rather pronounced type. In the recent campaign he acknowledged himself to be the first discoverer of the quotation from the London *Times* about the Celt who is serviceable to England only when he emigrates to America and votes for free trade. How anybody can sustain at the same time the double rôle of a defender of protective duties on Canadian products and of an annexationist, is one of those mysteries of the human mind that baffle all attempts at analysis. If it is profitable for us to keep out Canadian lumber, coal, fish, salt, and potatoes, or to load them with heavy duties in order to discourage their coming into our markets, how can it be profitable to admit them under articles of political union? Does this mean that the producers of these articles in our own country should be sacrificed for the general good? If so, it would seem to be the requirement of justice that all such persons should receive pensions equal to the amount of their sacrifices.

Mr. Butterworth and those who agree with him, if any, are perhaps protectionists in sentiment merely, not having any pecuniary interest to subserve. Those who belong to the latter class will be heard from to some purpose whenever political union or commercial union becomes a really burning question. The American Fishery Union will claim that they supplied an important part of the ammunition in the Harrison campaign. The lumber barons will want to know whether they are to be cheated out of their share of the victory. The market gardeners along the New England and New York border will be fierce and unyielding in proportion to the smallness of their size. All the interests which derive, or think they derive, an advantage from the tariff against Canada will make the usual proclamation that, if we are to have free trade in these things, we must have it in all; they will transfer their standard to the other camp. This threat, which has been so successfully employed in the past by the wool-growers, by the copper-miners, and by the lumber barons themselves, will rally the other protected classes to their side; and in the end Mr. Butterworth will find himself in an unequal match, contending with his own friends.

MODERN LAW-MAKERS.

THE quality of modern legislators—that is, their standing in the communities which they represent—as well as their fitness for the special work they have to do, is engaging the attention of those philosophers all over the world who are just now studying democracy. That the work of legislation is no longer done in parliamentary countries by the same kind of men who did it fifty, or even thirty, years ago, seems to be admitted on all hands. The *Evening Post* printed the other day a letter from a very competent observer, touching the change which has taken place in this particular in the State of Connecticut, and one passage is so descriptive of what has happened in nearly all the older States that it is worth reproducing:

"In the early part of the present century, during the more rational era of town rule, our grandfathers chose their country squires and prosperous, hard-headed farmers as legislators, and selected them over and over again. Those old-fashioned representatives were doubtless opinionated enough in religious or party matters, but they were rigidly honest, of high personal character, and tried legislators.

"How changed are the Legislatures which the town idea gives us now! The rural constituencies have diminished in population, in wealth, in voting character. The Yankee farmers have, many of them, gone West, and their places have been filled by the foreigner. The tide of rural corruption has swelled until it dashes over the ballot-box and pollutes the very fountain-head of electoral purity. Worst of all in its effect on our Legislatures, the pernicious rotative idea has entered our rural constituencies. The position of a Representative is become a thing of material import, a perquisite to be 'passed around' in the dominant party from session to session. Once holding it is deemed a bar to holding it again, instead of a credential for reëlection. Our town idea, therefore, in nine cases out of ten, gives us at each term a callow, second-rate countryman as a legislator.

"It is before such a House, vitiated by the town idea, that there must come the complex legislation of Connecticut—a State with large cities, great railroad, insurance, and manufacturing interests, and with all the ramified problems that modern civilization imposes on a law-making body."

There is perhaps not one of the old thirteen States which has not this same story to tell, in a greater or less degree. The change at the South has of course been precipitated and emphasized by the war, but it is as visible in New York and Pennsylvania, as in Massachusetts. The politician in all of them — that is, the man who either goes to the Legislature himself or has the greatest influence in selecting those who do go—is much more rarely now than formerly a man prominent in business, or agriculture, or the professions, is much more apt to be an unsuccessful man in private life, and to be unknown or very little known outside political circles. In other words, fifty years ago, as a general rule, communities were governed by men who won their eminence outside politics, or would be eminent if they never touched politics. This is no longer the case. Society, trade, commerce, law, medicine, have parted company with politics, and are more or less in the hands of men who do not share conspicuously in the other work of their time.

A well-known French writer, M. Gaston Jollivet, has recently been discussing this subject in connection with the French Chambers, of course with the usual heat of a French politician. His illustrations in examining the composition of the French Chambers, in its relation to the various callings, as it is now and as it was twenty-five years ago, make rather a dismal showing, even if we leave out of account the numerous charges of corruption which are hurled at the heads of the members. For instance, the bar has, ever since the Restoration, been in the habit of sending its leading men to Parliament. Even under the Empire there were Berryer, Marie, Sénard, and Grévy in the ranks of the Opposition, and, on the side of the Government, Delangle, Baroche, and Chaix-d'Est-Ange, and many others from the very top of the profession. Now the Chamber contains only half-a-dozen of the very obscure, and two of these have been disciplined for professional irregularities. The present leader of the bar, the "bâtonnier," as he is called—M. Durier—could not be induced to go into politics, and neither could his more eminent confrères, Falateuf, Bétolaud, Rousse, and Martini. In the provinces the same story: the lawyers of note stay at home, or are left at home by the people.

The French doctors, too, in bygone days occupied no mean place in the Chamber. Many of the more eminent members of the profession, both in Paris and the departments, were converted into legislators by enthusiastic patients. Men like Bouillaud, Trousseau, Malgaigne, and Trélat were eager to serve, and served faithfully. There are not many doctors in the present Chamber, and none of them conspicuous. One of those who are there has been accused of corruption by the notorious Numa Gilly in connection with the baths of Royat; the charge is probably false, M. Jollivet says, but many people believe it about Dr. Blatin, while they would smile if it were made against Dr. Péan or Dr. Charcot. Turning to finance, the Chamber for the first time does not contain a single regent of the Bank of France, or a director of any leading financial corporation. The prominent merchants and manufacturers are also conspicuous by their absence. In old times the great wine districts, which contain so much of the wealth of France, sent up their leading wine-growers to the Chamber, as the best possible representatives of their industry. In the present Chamber there is only one. The silk industry of Lyons does not elect a single silk-

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manufacturer, or the cotton industry of Rouen a single cotton-manufacturer. The great port of Marseilles sends up a crazy old Communist in the person of Félix Pyat.

As to literature and science, the places of the Broglies, of Jules Simon, of Haussonville, Guizot, Villemain, Saint-Marc-Girardin, are occupied by M. Compayré and Dupuy. The retired list of the army no longer furnishes famous soldiers. A major (*commandant*) or two is all the electors get from it, and these unknown to fame, as military men who grow old in the inferior grades are apt to be.

What does it all mean ? The Conservatives would, of course, say that it is all due to the Republic, and that if a monarchy were set up, illustrious Frenchmen would come back to politics. But unprejudiced observers say they know better, that the true cause of the change is to be found in a certain jealousy or suspicion on the part of democracy everywhere of men who have risen to eminence in other ways than through popular favor ; and they have a great many facts to support them. The mere fact, however, that conspicuous men do not find their way any longer into the Legislature would be of no consequence if they were not missed — if the work of legislation was done as well or better without them. Whether the new phenomenon is to be deplored or not, depends, therefore, on the kind of laws the new men turn out. Legislatures are not made that men who have grown great elsewhere may shine in them. But does the world get on as well without their services as before ? This seems to be a question which the next generation will have to answer.

THE SUDAN NEWS.

It is of course possible that Osman Digna has got hold of the Khedive's letter to Emin Bey in some other way than by the capture of Stanley, and that if he were really sure of his game, he would have accompanied it, when sending it to the British commander at Suakim, with some threat or demand. It is also possible that the reports of the successes achieved by the Mahdi's lieutenant, Omar Saleh, towards the equator are exaggerated. But there does not seem to be much doubt that Emin Bey at least has been captured, and that, although the "white traveller" captured with him may be somebody else than Stanley, Stanley's mission is a failure, and he himself is at least in great danger.

It will probably be some weeks before the whole truth comes out ; but in the meantime the news, such as it is, will infuse an immense ferment into British politics. The truth is, that the Tories are now face to face with exactly the same problem that Gladstone had to solve when the rising against the Egyptians in the Sudan cut off Gordon at Khartum. It will be extremely interesting to see how they will solve it. If the present Mahdi has got hold of either Emin Bey or Stanley, he will use his power over him to try to extract concessions, such as the evacuation of Suakim, from Lord Salisbury; and Lord Salisbury will have to decide whether he will allow two brave men to be butchered without trying either to rescue them or avenge them by retaliation. Gordon's going to Khartum was not Gladstone's doing. It was Gordon's own act, born of his confidence in his influence over the Sudanese, and of his ignorance of the new spirit of fanaticism which the Mahdi had aroused. He went there believing that his presence would suffice to restore order. When he discovered his mistake, and began to demand help from home, the very facts which made his situation precarious made the task of rescuing him one of extraordinary difficulty. Nobody who saw what it was when Lord Wolseley attempted it can, in his heart, have wondered that the Gladstone Ministry hesitated about entering on it. It proved both the glory and shame of England. Hundreds of valuable English lives were sacrificed, and some thousands of naked savages were slaughtered.

Since then, in spite of all the fresh light which Lord Wolseley's operations have thrown on the subject, nothing has been done to change the situation. No attempt has been made to rescue or succor Emin Bey, whose efforts have been just as heroic as Gordon's, and whose success in maintaining himself alone in the heart of Africa for several years shows him to be, in the very highest sense of the term, a great commander. It is true he is a German, and not an Englishman; but he has really been defending the English cause at his lonely post down there at the equator. He held, as Gordon held, the Khedive's commission, and flew the Egyptian flag; but Egypt is now an English dependency: its troops are under English orders, its debt is managed by English financiers, and its future is absolutely in English hands. The greatest question in Egyptian politics is whether the claim of dominion over the Sudan shall be abandoned or not. The Egyptians would probably have abandoned it long ago, through sheer force of circumstances, if they had been independent. The question with them, if they stood alone, would be to-day, not whether they could reconquer the Sudan, but whether they could keep the Mahdi from coming down to Cairo, as the Shepherd Kings did for their conquest, 4,000 years ago. Nothing, as far as can be seen, stands now between Egypt and a conquest by the dervishes, except the British troops ; for it seems to have been demonstrated that the Egyptian army will not stand up against the Arab charge, either in small or great numbers, even under the command of Europeans.

In short, the Egyptian problem is not one whit nearer solution than it was when Gladstone left office. Suakim has been held by a British garrison, but not as a British possession; and it probably could not be held at all without the assistance of a naval squadron, which lies constantly in the harbor, to help the troops to keep the Arabs out. No attempt has been made to occupy any territory outside the walls. No one can venture 500 yards from the fortifications without risk to his life. In fact, the place is besieged. The object of the occupation is said to be to prevent the use of the town and harbor as a slave emporium ; and this is achieved, but the cost of this advantage is prodigious, considering that it is now maintained by the best authorities that the exportation of slaves across the Gulf of Aden and the Red Sea is and has long been but a small portion of the whole trade, and that the rack and ruin still wrought in central Africa by the slaveholders is wrought mainly to supply the inland market, that is, upper Egypt and the great oases. The slave-dealers have to make prodigious captures in order that their caravans may bear the losses incident to their long marches and scanty fare.

It will thus be seen that a magnificent opportunity for the display of the courage and statesmanship in which the Conservatives found Gladstone so wanting is now about to be forced on the Tory Ministry, and it will be interesting to see what they will do with it. Either they must submit to having Emin Bey, and perhaps Stanley, killed, and thus eat the humblest of humble pie in the eyes of the Mahdi's followers, or they must sally out and attempt to catch the Mahdi and conquer him. There must be no Gladstonian dilly-dallying with this business. If the Mahdi will not come to be conquered in a convenient place, where there is plenty of wood and water, they must pursue him into his deserts, and show him the difference between being attacked by Radicals and by genuine Imperialists.

THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

The *Nation* for January 28, 1875, at which time the plans of the Johns Hopkins University were beginning to take shape, contained a note discussing the possibilities of the new foundation, in which the following sentences occur:

"The endowment may, therefore, be called unprecedented in both its freedom and its liberality. The trustees can found any kind of university they please, and they have thus a power which has never before been lodged in the hands of any body of men in this country. When we first heard of it we confess we felt little interest in it, concluding that we were simply to witness the addition of one more to the huge array of high schools which the country already possesses, in which poorly paid professors would labor year after year in the dull routine of giving a 'university education,' by teaching Latin, Greek, and mathematics, and perhaps a smattering of natural science, to half-prepared boys or girls, or both. But luckily this great endowment has fallen into the hands of men who have a higher idea of their responsibilities, and they intend to use it for the foundation of a real 'seat of learning,' or, in other words, for enabling the country to play its proper part in the best intellectual work of the day, feeling assured that the preparation of boys and girls to earn a livelihood will be abundantly looked after by other institutions. . . . It is a great opportunity, and we hope and believe it will be rightly used."

It did not require many years of the working of the new University to demonstrate the founder's wisdom in leaving the trustees unhampered in their choice of the paths by which the University might be made most conducive to the advancement of learning in this country. The trustees, in their turn, chose for President a man in whose judgment and in whose vigilant energy they could place the most complete reliance, and who has been practically unhampered in determining, with the aid of the Faculty, all the perplexing and many-sided questions which successively confront the directors of a new university, as the trustees themselves had been unhampered in determining, with the aid

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of the President whom they had chosen, the broad lines upon which the work of the University was to be built. No one who has taken any interest in the progress of the higher education in this country needs to be told of the outcome. Before half of its first decade had been completed, the Johns Hopkins University was universally recognized to be one of the most potent of the intellectual forces of this country. It was even welcomed abroad, especially in Germany and in England, as a worthy ally of the great foundations in which the highest learning was fostered in the Old World. All this is now a familiar story; but when the new institution was entering upon its career, the most sanguine of its friends could not have expected the work of its early years to be attended with such signal success. We fancy that President Gilman would have been as much astonished as the rest of us if he had been told in 1876 that on the 12th of July, 1883, the leading scientific journal of England would conclude a review of the year's work at the Johns Hopkins University with this sentence: "We should much like to see such an account of original work done and to be done issuing each year from the laboratories of Oxford and Cambridge."

But the service which the Johns Hopkins University has done to the advancement of learning in America cannot be measured by the instruction that has been given within its own walls and the researches that have been carried on by its own members. The standard of university work, throughout the length and breadth of the country, has been advanced in the past ten years with a rapidity and steadiness never before paralleled. That the example of the Johns Hopkins University has been a great stimulus to every college which has taken part in this forward movement, none will question. It is impossible to trace the origin of each particular measure of progress, but every one knows the contagion of a good example, especially when it is emphasized by conspicuous success. When we see a gentleman in Milwaukee endowing with great liberality a laboratory and journal of biological research, we may not be able to assert that the biological work at Johns Hopkins has had anything to do with determining the direction of his munificence; when we see a university in Nebraska issuing a series of historical monographs, we may be unable to trace any connection between this and the work done at Baltimore; when we observe that in the last eight or ten years nearly every one of our stronger colleges and universities has done its best to develop its opportunities for post-collegiate study, it may be impossible to show that this would not have been going on just as vigorously if the Johns Hopkins University had never been instituted. But while things of this kind are not susceptible of downright demonstration, there can be no doubt that the historian of education in America will designate the opening of the Johns Hopkins University as the event which marked the entrance of the higher education in America upon a new phase in its development.

The thirteenth annual report of the President of the University lies before us. It is of the same general character as its predecessors, being chiefly a history of work done and a record of additions to the laboratories and libraries; but it closes with a passage which, though brief and inconspicuous, is full of grave significance to the friends of the University:

"Our only cause of anxiety is one of which you are fully aware—the loss of income from the stocks which were given to the University by its founder. Your wisdom, gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, will no doubt devise some efficient relief. I believe it to be a reasonable expectation that the efforts which you have put forth, and which you have encouraged others to put forth, for the establishment of a university will receive financial support when you are ready to ask for it."

The country-seat of the founder, now within the city limits of Baltimore, and comprising about three hundred acres of land, forms an important part of his legacy to the University, and one which at some future day may have a market value approaching or exceeding that of the railroad securities at their best; but this property cannot now be made a source of income. The great bulk of the available endowment of the University was left to it by the founder in the form of Baltimore and Ohio Railroad stock. Johns Hopkins enjoyed the reputation of being perhaps the shrewdest financier and man of business in the city of Baltimore; and in his will he distinctly recommended the trustees to keep these Baltimore and Ohio shares. It is certainly a striking instance of the irony of fate that the one injunction which the founder laid upon his trustees should have proved, though relating to a matter in which his sagacity was undoubted, to be so ill-judged. The directions of the will on this point were not, indeed, mandatory; but Baltimore and Ohio shares are seldom in the market except in small quantities, so that any attempt of the trustees systematically to diminish their investment in them would—especially in view of the founder's recommendation—at once have excited suspicion, and greatly lowered the market value of the shares. The trustees have thus been in a position of great difficulty; and since they number among them some of the ablest and most successful men of business in Baltimore, and since the whole body has shown the most zealous interest in the welfare of the University, he would be a bold man who should say that the present unfortunate condition of the finances of the University has been brought on by the fault of its managers.

The University is not dependent upon this source of income alone. Other funds of a moderate amount were included in its original endowment, and the trustees have made further investments out of the annual excess of income over expenditure, besides providing buildings and apparatus out of this excess. There is now also a considerable income from tuition fees. But the main source of income has been cut off for the past two years, during which the 15,000 shares of Baltimore and Ohio stock have brought no dividends. How long it will be before matters mend in this direction no one can tell. The use of part of the surplus accumulated in former years has thus far enabled the work of all the principal departments to be continued in full force; but in the nature of the case this cannot go on indefinitely, and the outlook seems to be that, unless it shall receive aid from outside, the University, instead of expanding as it should from year to year, will be compelled to diminish its activity in some of the departments in which its work has been of the greatest service to the cause of the higher learning in this country.

But we feel sure that when the University appeals to the country for aid in its truly national work, the country will show that it numbers among its men of wealth some who are not indifferent to its intellectual glory. The collegiate department of the University may be considered as chiefly of local interest and utility, and the people of Baltimore should be counted on to see that this department does not suffer for want of the necessary funds; but in the benefits of the post-collegiate work of the University, the whole country has shared, both directly and indirectly, without distinction of sections. He would do the greatest possible service to the cause of learning in America at this juncture who should come to the aid of this lusty champion of the highest knowledge while yet its vigor is unimpaired and its courage undiminished; and he who would build a lasting monument to his memory might do well to consider whether he would not be more likely to accomplish this by identifying his name with that of some department of a foundation already famous the world over, than by beginning an entirely new institution of which he cannot foretell the success.

The success of the Johns Hopkins University has not been due simply to its liberal endowment. One may go further, and say that it is not exhaustively accounted for by the wisdom and good judgment of its directors, combined with their ample means. Napoleon used to say that after everything had been provided—men, materials, position—one thing more was still needed to secure victory, viz., good luck. Whatever the sources of the University's success, and whatever defects may be pointed out in its operations, it has somehow succeeded in accomplishing the one thing needful: it has laid hold of the spirit which ought to dominate a true University. This spirit will not embody itself for the asking; we cannot be sure of getting it for the sum of $3,000,000, more or less. We have got it at the Johns Hopkins University, and there are not so many centres of this kind of influence in the country that we can afford the loss or impairment of one of the chief of them. Whether by a single magnificent gift or by the contributions of many men of wealth—in one way or another we are confident that this great people will see to it that an institution which has done so much towards "enabling the country to play its proper part in the best intellectual work of the day" shall not be compelled to slacken its activity or to lower its standard.

CÆSAR BORGIA.

PARIS, November 30, 1888.

M. YRIARTE delights to live in Italy—not so much in modern Italy as in the Italy of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. We owe to him various books of great interest—'The Patriciate of Venice in the Sixteenth Century,' written out of the state papers of the archives of the Frari; 'Rimini,' 'A Condottiere in the Fifteenth Century,' 'A Study of the Malatestas,' 'Francesca di Rimini in Legend and in History,' 'Venice,' a great volume on the city of the Lagoons. He publishes to-day a 'Cæsar Borgia,' written with the help of documents found in the archives of Romagna, of Simancas, and of Navarre. There is a legend of the Borgias, and history finds it difficult to separate the fable from the truth in it. "Nothing," says Yriarte, "remains intact of them; the implacable reaction provoked by their crimes has pursued them beyond the tomb; their sepulchral stones, with their pompous epitaphs, have been broken, their images have been mutilated. In Navarre, a bishop of Calahorra, thinking he was accomplishing a pious work, threw away the bones of the Duke of Valentinois; at Ferrarra, the names engraved on the funereal stones have been effaced; traditions are lost, and we do not know to this day where repose the remains of Lucretia Borgia."

Gregorovius was the first who attempted to find the truth in the legend, and great is the contrast between the judgments passed on Cæsar Borgia by him and by Machiavelli.

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The author of 'The Prince' sees in the son of Alexander VI. a man of genius, conscious of accomplishing a great work: Gregorovius cannot forgive Machiavelli for representing the Duke of Romagna as the prophetic representative of Italian unity, and will only look on him as a bold and criminal adventurer. "Cæsar," says Gregorovius, "was only a monstrous fruit of nepotism. The development of his power was rapid and vehement, like the growth of a poisonous plant; it embraces only a period of three years."

M. Yriarte seems to place himself somewhere between these extreme views of Machiavelli and of Gregorovius. "Without forgetting," he says, "the horrible ways through which he passed, it remains proved that when he had hardly reached the age of manhood, Cæsar conceived a dream of splendid ambition; the soldier was, in him, combined with the politician, and a politician armed with an extraordinary energy." He says also: "Quite recently it has been ascertained, by contemporary evidence collected at Pesaro, at Forli, Imola, Cesana, Faenza—wherever, in short, Cæsar left his trace during his reign of three years—that the soldier who kept the strictest discipline in his camp was besides an able administrator, a prompt and implacable judge, always ready to give satisfaction to his people, who, under him, did not suffer from arbitrary measures. In short, with all the acts of frenzy which he certainly committed, and murders (which will hereafter be better proved than ever), and his constant contempt of divine and human laws, this sombre hero left some benefits behind him."

The work of M. Yriarte is not a rehabilitation: he confesses that it would be idle to try to rehabilitate Cæsar; that compared with the Sforzas, the Malatestas, the Medici, he is a more determined, a more lawless criminal—a very artist in crime. He also could have said, like Nero: "Qualis artifex pereo!" Indeed, in order to understand truly these extraordinary characters of the Italian Renaissance, I believe that we must return to the traditions of the Roman Empire. The Cæsars of ancient Rome were the gods of the imagination. The crimes, the vices painted by Tacitus and Suetonius seemed virtues to Cæsar Borgia, to the "unico Cesare." He copied Nero, he copied Caligula, he copied Tiberius; he also could go down into the arena, he could imprison, he could murder, he could defy the gods, he could make a god of himself. He was handsome, and had the strength of an athlete. He acted like a magnet on the women of his time, and he never allowed a woman to have any influence over him. He never felt the tenderness of love; nothing could distract him from the objects of his ambition. "Aut Cæsar, aut nihil," was his device.

Had the young captain who conquered nearly the whole of Central Italy, a positive plan, or was he merely led by chance from victory to victory, from crime to crime? He certainly was eating the Italian "artichoke, leaf by leaf." (The expression is his; it was repeated in our time when Piedmont made the successive annexations of Tuscany, Parma, Modena, Naples, etc.) Cæsar started on his campaign at the beginning of the winter of 1499; he goes first to the north, and operates against Imola and Forli, then adds city to city, province to province; he dethrones successively the last Sforza, the Malatestas, the Manfredis, the Montefeltros. We see him soon master of all the Adriatic shore from Rimini to Sinigaglia, in possession of the duchies of Urbino, of Camerino, of Cagli; he is in communication with Rome by way of Spoleto, where Lucretia Borgia is Regent; he turns towards the western shores of Italy by way of Siena and Perugia, to Pisa, which invites him, to Piombino, which he takes by force. He is now on both sides of the Apennines, he has really created a state; he chooses Cesana for a capital; his father gives him the investiture of this great domain, and places on his head the ducal crown.

It is not enough: he attacks Bologna, and he threatens Florence itself. He surrounds on all sides the Tuscan territory, and he is only arrested in his career by his ally, the King of France. How many towns did he take by assault in his constitution of a new state? Let us name some of them: Sutri, Piombino, on the western side of the Apennines; Imola, Faenza, Forli, Meldola, Savignano, Sarsina, Pesaro, on the eastern side. Florence knew well what a terrible adversary he was, and she sent him one of her secretaries, Machiavelli. The famous author of 'The Prince' saw in the bloody adventurer a precursor of what our time has called Italian unity. Villari, in his 'Machiavelli e suoi tempi,' thinks that Machiavelli saw his own thoughts in Cæsar Borgia, and idealized him; that Cæsar, like Alexander VI., merely sought the aggrandizement of the domains of his children—that father and son were purely selfish. It may be; the fact is that they reconstituted the temporal power of the papacy, a power which was maintained afterwards for three centuries, and which now still subsists in germ in the Vatican. Do we not hear every day the protests of the Pope? Have we not seen even the Emperor of Germany, when he made his visit to the King of Italy, respecting the principle of the temporal power, or, at least, acting in such a manner as to leave the question of the temporal power "sub judice"?

Alexander Borgia, when the Spaniards tried to prevent him from entering the Neapolitan provinces, said that he wished to make Italy all of one piece; Cæsar Borgia once said that he had resolved to make himself "King of Italy." Machiavelli recommended Florence not to look upon Cæsar as a mere condottiere, but as a new potentate in Italy, with whom it was advisable to conclude a league and a treaty; he noticed that Cæsar had more guns than all the other princes of Italy put together; he was struck by his character, and painted him as "molto segreto," as "gran conoscitore della occasione." The political work of Cæsar was too sudden, too artificial; he had made too many enemies, and when he lost Pope Alexander, he lost everything. All his enemies—those who had not been put to death or succumbed in prison—rose against him. The contemporaries of Cæsar Borgia saw a judgment of God in the death of the captain who, born in the Vatican, and having conquered a great part of Italy, came to die in Spain, at the age of thirty-one years only, on the 12th of March, 1507, the anniversary day of his premature promotion to the bishopric of Pampeluna—and to die there in what was his own diocese.

This last part of the life of Cæsar is not so well known as the first; the historians have neglected the three years between his captivity and his death. M. Yriarte has thrown much light on this part of his subject, and he shows us the convulsions of the monster behind the high walls of the Castle of Medina del Campo. He gives us, in the second volume, pictures of this castle—a most terrible prison, with its high walls and its towers. It was a royal residence. Cæsar was treated with the greatest severity; legal documents were collected for his trial, concerning the death of the Duke of Gandia, his brother, and of Alfonso of Bisceglie, his brother-in-law, with the intention to inflict on him capital punishment. But Cæsar escaped from this formidable prison, and, after extraordinary adventures, he appeared suddenly "like the devil," says the chronicle of Moret, at the court of the King, his brother-in-law, in Pampeluna. His flight made an immense sensation; Pope Julius II. trembled on his throne, Venice was alarmed, as well as the King of France; the cities of Romagna recovered a hope of escaping from the domination of Julius II.

Yriarte's chapter on the flight from Medina del Campo reads like a novel, and is written with the aid of documents many of which were quite unknown before. Cæsar rode from Medina, which is in the centre of Spain, not far from Segovia, Valladolid, and Santander. He embarked at Santander and landed again at La Roda, from which place he went through Bilbao to Pampeluna, where he was received by the King and Queen of Navarre. A new career was opening before him; the King of Navarre had a turbulent vassal, Luis de Beaumonte (Louis de Beaumont). Cæsar was sent against him, as Captain-General of the royal forces, and was mortally wounded at Viana, and buried in the church of this town. At the end of the seventeenth century, the sepulchre which contained his remains was destroyed. M. Yriarte made some researches in the street of Viana, where, according to tradition, the remains of the Duke of Romagna, who had been in his youth a Prince of the Church, were thrown by order of the Church. He found, at the place where these remains were supposed to be, a skeleton and a skull; but were these the remains of Cæsar Borgia? Nothing was found which could prove it.

The iconography of Cæsar and Lucretia Borgia will be found among the most interesting parts of the work of M. Yriarte, as well as the curious details which he gives on the magnificent sword of Cæsar, made by an artist of Ferrara, now in possession of the Duke of Sermoneta, the chief of the family of the Gaetani. This admirable work of art, covered with engraved compositions, bears the inscription "Cum numine Cæsaris omen." It was reproduced and described in detail in March and April, 1886, in *Les Lettres et les Arts*.

Correspondence.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your lamentation over the increase of bribery at elections, you will probably think that only a madman would say that it was the natural and necessary result of the movement for civil-service reform; yet I have always maintained that precisely that result would follow. On the 6th of July, 1885, I wrote in your paper as follows:

"Neither party has any policy or any means of carrying one out. At present the only means of stimulating united action is the hope of office. If you take away that without substituting any other, you simply destroy the basis of cohesion. If one party renounces the use of the offices, it will surrender power to the other; and if both parties renounce it, then the resort will be to the use of money in elections to be made up out of the Government in some way."

The reason of this is, that all our politics, national, State, and local, are worked, not from above, but from below—not as relating to something to do, but to something to get. All individuality is disappearing from public life, there is no unity of action and no responsibility, no possibility of gaining reputation and almost the certainty of losing it. At Washington the President, especially since he has been deprived

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of the control of the offices, has no power whatever except the empty negative of a veto. The Cabinet officers, as far as any legitimate power is concerned, are merely clerks. Members of Congress, and even Senators, are nothing but units in a mob, the best of them struggling hopelessly to evolve some order out of shifting and irresponsible committees, and the worst cynically making themselves comfortable and feathering their nests—these last, by the way, alone having the chance of reaping anything but disappointment and crushed hopes. The whole business resembles building houses from the inside with loose sand, a process which men of honor and ability will sooner or later renounce, though there will always be a plenty of candidates for it while there are pay and position in sight. The fall from Adams, Hamilton, and Madison, from Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, to Blaine and Wanamaker is, no doubt, great; but the latter are natural fruits of the system and by no means its worst.

From all I have heard of Mr. Wanamaker, he is a sufficiently respectable and well-meaning man, who has adopted the only means available for success, just as our earlier generation used the offices. If the present system is continued, we may yet look back to such as he with regret. Is it not significant of the state of things in Washington that out of twelve Massachusetts Representatives, eight declined renomination? Meantime, the seat of government is in the lobby. It is in the secrecy of the committee rooms, and covered from the public view, that are wrought out those bargains and intrigues which, when offices formed the political lever, were confined to politicians, but, now that money is coming to the front, are in the hands of a different class, who intend to be repaid for their outlay. The next step is that the voters, disgusted with the whole spectacle, and finding that politics is merely an instrument of self-interest, lose their sense of responsibility and regard their vote as merchandise. What would be the use of a Congressional investigation into bribery? Supposing members to be anxious only for the truth (which, considering both sides are tarred with the same stick, may be doubted), they would merely disclose the hideous facts without offering the slightest guarantee for the future. It seems to me very strange to expect that, with voters anxious to sell and politicians anxious to buy, a mere change in the method of casting ballots can accomplish anything.

Are we then, like the Indian chief whose canoe got into the rapids of Niagara, to fold our arms and silently go to our fate? Certainly it would be more dignified than shrieking and howling, unless we can adopt some efficient remedy. Fortunately we are not left for this to conjecture, but have a living example before our eyes. In England the process of changing Parliament from the foulest corruption to perfect pecuniary purity has been accomplished, and the same result promises ere long to be secured in the elections. If anybody supposes that this wonderful transformation has been brought about by a particular mode of casting ballots, he must have given the subject very little attention. The first step was to induce the House of Commons to surrender the most potent instrument of corruption, the right to be the judge of its own elections; and the next to place all questions relating to elections in the hands of independent judges, in courts so constituted as to be beyond suspicion. This is the saving principle, all else being matter of detail. And how was the House of Commons brought to such an immense sacrifice of power? Through that beautiful arrangement which places the initiative in legislation in the hands of the executive Ministry, leaving to Parliament the functions of suggestion and veto, which, by the organization of business thus obtained, dispenses with all standing and secret committees, and allows all business to be conducted in open session; which, by thus placing members in full view of their constituents, not only frees their seats from an inherent taint of suspicion, but makes them objects of the highest social ambition, and therefore secures the services of the best men in the community; and which, by enforcing official leadership, at once compels members to act together under pressure of public opinion, and furnishes a motive of enthusiasm in the electors sufficient to replace the use either of offices or of money.

All this it is in our power to have by the adoption of the Senate Report of February 4, 1881, as the only thing which can check us on the downward road. As to whether we shall thus solve the problem of popular government, I feel less hopeful with advancing years; but one thing I do know—that unless we do solve it by some such application of principle, just as the French republic is at this moment (and from this identical cause of the abuse of legislative power) rushing on to civil war and military despotism, so that is the goal at which we, however long the road may be, shall ultimately arrive. G. B.

Boston, December 15, 1888.

CHOOSING THE ELECTORS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Regarding the Constitutional Amendment suggested by "H." in your issue of December 6, I wish to state an objection. After each census is taken, legislatures re-district States to make their Congressional representation accord with the new apportionment. In doing this, counties, or wards, are put on or taken off in order to equalize districts, or to suit the interests of the party controlling the Legislature. Did each district vote for an individual elector, as it does for representative, almost invariably the political standing of the elector chosen would be determined beforehand, and the vote of the minority might as well be uncast and unrecorded.

Such an amendment would offer constant opportunities for evil legislation, and would show at once the localities where corruption funds could be used to the greatest advantage. As at present, better to have a State express the will of its people as a unit, but in proportion to its population, than to have the elections thrown directly into the hands of parties and party organizations. Hugh Eilus.

THE TEACHER OF FREE TRADE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I was much interested by the letter in your issue of December 6, headed, "A Farmer on the Missionary of Free Trade." I fully agree with the views of your correspondent as to the necessity of dwelling upon the moral side of the tariff question, and I wish to say a few words on the subject from another standpoint. However important the education of the farmer in political economy may be, it can hardly be denied that the education of the youths who are to cast their maiden votes in 1892 is equally important, especially if, as seems too likely, this tariff problem is to harass us for many an election to come; for in the latter case the younger generation will have to furnish the good cause with leaders. But how are these youths to be taught? Are they to have statistics shoved at them, or elaborate reasonings, aimed at specialists on the subject, fired over their heads? Or are they to have their hearts touched with enthusiasm for a noble cause? Surely every one will choose the latter method. But how is this to be followed unless the moral aspects of the problem receive the larger share of attention? And how is a man to proceed who finds himself teaching political economy in a community largely wedded to protection? This is a problem which is confronting many teachers, old and young, at the present day; and I hope you will pardon me if I venture to give your readers a leaf out of my own experience in this connection.

Some time since I was elected to teach history and political economy in a Southern university. When I entered upon my duties, I was aware that this was the chief problem before me. I was convinced that protection is morally wrong, and I knew that many of my class were connected with protection, either through sugar in Louisiana, or iron in Alabama, or rice in South Carolina. How was I to tell these young men that their fathers were clamoring for something morally wrong? But tell them I must; honor required it of me, and it was the only way to teach them anything definite. Elaborate argumentation, statistics based on research among endless public documents—these, even if I could have brought myself to deliver them, would have either left my class untouched or left them in chaos. So I resolved to have at the hydra, and at least cut off one head. The result was highly gratifying. The student of history, if he is at all skilful, can easily show his class that a majority of the citizens of a nation can daily practise something highly immoral without once suspecting that it is immoral; he can show them how first one man sees sin in the practice, then a few, then, after a weary struggle, the many. He need not, with your correspondent, necessarily take slavery as his subject: the latitudinarianism of the English Church in the eighteenth century will furnish a good example. Thus he will take the sting out of his subsequent attack upon protection. This done, he will—but I will not insult your readers by proving protection wrong. I shall, however, give one incident to show how gratifying the result of my experiment was:

One of my pupils was a man nearly as old as I was, who had given up a business life to prepare himself for the ministry. He was a Republican, dyed in the wool, and a thoroughgoing protectionist. He winced a little at first, when I attacked protection, and, after a private argument, we agreed to drop the subject. But did he like me the less because I denounced his pet theory as immoral? Not a whit. We are not only good friends, but, some time after, having a desire to write an essay in favor of protection, he consulted me about the books he should read and the proper arrangement of his materials. I may add that, out of a class of thirty-five young men, not one showed any disposition to resent the presentation of my honest opinions, and a large number are enthusiastic free-traders because *free trade is right*.

W. P. T.

December 10, 1888.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The excellently well-written communication of Farmer "H." in the *Nation* of December 6, is substantially correct in placing upon the same plane of morals the institution of slavery in the Southern States and the iniquitous and exorbitant system of tariff taxation now in force in the United States; but, like most analogies, the parallel comes to naught at a

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certain point. Assuming that Farmer "H." is right in the statement that the emancipation of the negro was the result of the finally successful education of the majority of the people of the North up to the realization that slavery was a great moral wrong, he seems to forget that the slaves themselves never needed any education upon that particular point—the fact being that they longed for freedom with an intensity that probably far exceeded their appreciation of it when it was obtained; and that the Southern people, their masters, never realized the blackness of that foul blot upon their civilization until some time after fate had removed it. The lawmakers, and not the people, need to be educated in the moral principles that bear upon this momentous question. The great mass of the American people need to be instructed and enlightened as to their true individual interest—to be made fully to realize that they are daily and hourly paying an enforced tribute to a privileged class of their fellow-citizens.

That they will finally realize this fact, and reform the vast abuse that has grown from the seed of a theory that has become almost obsolete, I firmly believe; and that it is to the farmers that the country must look for relief from this grinding oppression, is a hope grounded upon the fact that, as a class, they receive fewest of the incidental benefits of protection. As was well said in one of your late editorials, farmers are exceedingly slow to grasp new ideas or be converted to doctrines subversive of convictions long established in their minds. Remote from the centres of restless intellectual agitation, and averse to mental adventure, belief with them is more a growth than a conviction. They devoutly believe every statement made by orators and newspapers of their own party, and as devoutly disbelieve every statement and argument made by orators and newspapers of the opposite party. But once convince them that their hard-earned dollars are systematically abstracted from their pockets by the hand of legalized fraud, and they may be depended on to protest in no uncertain terms. Once convince them that even 25 per cent. of the price of what they consume goes to swell the private profits of a few monopolists, and it may be safely predicted that even that minority of them who are known to be venal, will discard the comparatively small price that any party can afford to pay for their votes.

Upon this great crusade against ignorance the *Nation* has set forth; and a great, wise, and brave warrior, most calamitously for the country deposed from his leadership, has sounded the battle-cry that shall ring and reverberate with ever-increasing volume throughout the entire breadth of this continent, till the great mass of human intelligence will respond to it and march to triumph led by its martial music. Even as "beauty unadorned is adorned the most," so truly may it be said of this great monster of protection, that no power of fancy, no skill of logic, no cunning of metaphysical invention, can clothe it in more hideous garments than its own nakedness, laid bare by the ruthless hand of Truth. G.

Asheville, N. C., December 10, 1888.

WHEN TO INDOCTRINATE THE FARMER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have lived most of a long life in a farming population—in fact, was a farmer myself until of late years. Having been in the habit of thinking and reading rather more than most of my worthy country neighbors, I am now going to offer you some remarks which, though perhaps based upon a rather crude generalization, I am convinced are not without value.

To the dwellers in small towns and villages, and in more or less isolated groups throughout the country, Washington, for at least three years out of every four, is a great way off. When the fourth year arrives, though it is a period of much excitement and interest in political subjects, it is a time when the sort of sturdy independence of a life removed from the mobile influences of the centre of civilization is the very least susceptible of changes of opinion, and the most suspicious of the literature offered that seems designed to make any such change. There are reasons for this with which I will not seek to consume your space.

With regard to tariff reform, in which we overtaxed citizens of whatever political persuasion most devoutly wish to see some organized recruiting set on foot, it seems to some of us that efforts should at once be begun. There should be a distribution of short, plainly (if cheaply) printed tracts containing clear, forcible paragraphs of sound views, both original and copied. Many from the files of our late campaign editorials and portions of our political addresses were far too good to be wasted. Such things, with everything eliminated that savors of *political bias*, sown broadcast over the country, would not fail to be read and pondered. The farmer has as much capacity for thought as any man: he only is not going to be "chevied" into any thinking that is proposed to him with a view to influencing his vote on the eve of election. I myself made (or decided) two converts by silently showing a little slip cut from I forget what paper, stating that if the manufacturers *really* believed that the tariff made high wages, they would be the last men in the world to cry protection—a fact, by the way, which I think will bear further circulation.

Many of us, Republicans as well as Democrats, would, I believe, gladly spare a small sum, a fraction of the amount we are taxed by the unjust tariff laws, in the direction that has been suggested, and tariff-reform committees should have no lack of support.

Farmer.

Boston, December 4, 1888.

THE OLD ROYAL LIBRARY IN BERLIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Being a rather faithful reader of your paper, I couldn't help noticing what was said in Nos. 1217 and 1219 about the new library to be given to the city of New York from the bequest of Mr. Tilden; and as it is evident that a country so far behind in learning and civilization as America will not be able to manage so vast a literary or scientific undertaking without the help of those whom in all such matters we acknowledge to be our superiors—I mean the Germans—I would respectfully call the attention of the persons concerned to a model institution, the Royal Library of Berlin. The excellency of this establishment is vouched for by the fact that, for some time past, it has been running in opposition to the University Library proper, till, finally, it has got nearly the entire trade of the students. Indeed, the University Library is as good as boycotted.

Let me acknowledge, however, before I proceed with what might otherwise sound too much like the advertisement of a "Königlicher Hof-Lieferant," that my acquaintance with libraries is not very large, and that I am perfectly willing that the men charged with organizing the Tilden Library should look about elsewhere in Germany, for there might be better patterns. In fact, I have heard it rumored that there are such. The reason why I feel so much like recommending the royal institution in the German capital is that it is so "grossstädtisch," you know, and also because, as I said before, I have seen so little of other libraries. The great ones in Paris and in London, I have only had a glimpse of; but both, as you are aware, belong to countries that are not thoroughly "wissenschaftlich" in the German sense of the word, and hence they cannot enter into our consideration. As for the Public Library and the Athenæum in Boston, and the Library of my own Fair Harvard—why, highly as I used to think of them, they are just nowhere in comparison with this one here in Berlin. And the same thing, I dare say, may be set down in respect to the Newberry Library at Chicago and the Pratt Library at Baltimore—good enough, you know, for a rough nation with antiquated notions about self-government, without a court, and without either army or navy, but really inadequate if we ever want to fall into line with the advanced nations of Europe. It may seem incredible, but it is true, I knew a sensible college professor here last year who had come all the way from New England to edit a classical author in this Royal Library, and he was so immensely pleased with the workings of it that he came very near staying here altogether, so that his book would have become a German one, and would have had to be naturalized in America at the rate of 25 per cent. of its original cost.

But I am wandering from my subject; let me return to it. You understand, of course, that what I could chiefly recommend in this German library is the management and the working of it, not the books themselves or the way they are selected. In these latter respects we beat the Germans all hollow; for the books, for example, of the Boccaccio and Zola type, which some of our American libraries don't get under the administration of an orthodox board, they will probably get under one that is more liberal; and the books on free trade, which a Republican board might keep out till '92, will come in under their Democratic or Mugwump successors after '92. No, I don't refer to those aspects of a library. But what, then, would I point out as the most prominent features in the management of this well-nigh ideal institution of Berlin?

First of all, let a library be, as everything ought and in this country fortunately is getting to be—military. At Harvard and in Boston—I know comparisons are odious, but really, institutions of so young a country as ours ought not to feel hurt if they are told they too are still young—at Harvard, I say, and in Boston, the libraries are not run according to military methods; nor are there, I fear, a sufficient number of learned professors and Ph.D.'s represented in the management, which would be the next requisite to success. Hence you have not that precision and that conservatism over there which lend stability and dignity to a library as well as to every other public institution.

Contrast for a moment also the external features of the respective libraries. What strikes one immediately at Harvard and Boston is the large number of boys and young women employed. The presence of neither can be very conducive to the deepening and strengthening of studious habits of mind. Not to speak of the incontrovertible fact that the sight of so many books and so many educated "males" must necessarily estrange these

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young "females" from home and family life (a fact corroborated by one of the latest utterances of the Prussian Minister of Education), one must also consider that books are sometimes heavy—at least all Church Fathers are—and that only full-grown and able-bodied persons ought to be engaged in the handling of them. Hence the Prussian way of doing things. None but men weighing fully 200 avoirdupois and having served from six to ten years in the army, seem to be chosen for that part of the work; and when they are of that description, they can manage the most ponderous tomes (one at a time, of course) with perfect safety to themselves and to others. What with their steady, thoughtful gait; what with the absolute precision with which they have been taught to take a book from the shelf where it has been waiting for you since yesterday when you ordered it, and lay it on the desk of the Doctor who is to deliver it to you; what with the Doctor's careful final examination of the book and your order-slip on which you have previously put down title, author, date, and place of publication, date and place of application for the loan of the book, your name, your residence, and your calling or title; what with an occasional pathetic appeal of the Doctor to a careless student to write a little more legibly; what with the same painstaking, loving, fatherly care that relieves you of the book when you have done with it and insists upon your taking a receipt or voucher for the return of it—what, I say, with all these exquisite, precise, and thoroughly military methods, I have known even our untutored and half-civilized Americans to stand with mouths and eyes wide open, and spontaneously express their wonderment by saying that this was a royal library indeed, nay, as some put it, a "darned" royal library, and that there was nothing like it—no, nor ever would be!

And that's just my opinion, and the reason why I recommend the study of it, and of military and scholastic methods in general, before anything more is done about the Tilden Library. There are other suggestions in regard to minor points, such as airing the delivery-room only on high-feast days and on the Emperor's (say, the President's) birthday; it will prevent a great many people from catching cold, and keep the books from being eaten by that mysterious library moth. I might also mention the subject of cataloguing, but I will only say, by all means avoid the foolish card system. Get good large folios, three or four for every letter, and put them up high enough where the blue-stockings can't get at them. Avoid also a double catalogue, one for subjects and another for authors: they involve too great a loss of valuable time on the part of the officials, who will constantly be obliged to explain to students which is which. But these are considerations of less importance. Only look to it that the thing is done up in a military and scholastic fashion, and the rest will take care of itself.

I have no doubt that the Library authorities here will be glad to assist a committee from New York if notice is given of their arrival a semester beforehand. In fact, I myself shall deem it a privilege to be of any further service in thus indirectly diffusing knowledge and true inwardness of theory. I confess, with somewhat of a blush, that it is nothing but native modesty, or rather democratic prejudice, that keeps me from putting my full name and address to this communication; for if the authorities here knew of my zeal for so noble a royal institution, they might single me out as a fit subject to be decorated with a medal or "Orden," which, as a citizen of a republic, I could not very well accept. However, I send you my address privately, and remain yours truly,

X.

BERLIN, November, 1888.

ISAIAH AND MONTESQUIEU.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a review of a new edition of Montesquieu's 'Esprit des Lois,' you say that the division of government powers into three departments, now so generally accepted, is due to his thought, and that it was "not dreamt of" in antiquity.

It must have been in the mind of Isaiah about 730 B. C., when he wrote (ch. 33, v. 22): "For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king."

Truly, L. N. D.

LOUISVILLE, KY., December 13, 1888.

[Not so. Isaiah can only be quoted to show that he thought the three functions properly united in one person. It is the differentiation of them—the vesting them in separate and independent persons—that is modern.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

AN early copy of Prof. James Bryce's 'American Commonwealth' has come to hand through the courtesy of the publishers, Macmillan & Co. It is in two compact volumes of convenient size and fair aspect, and, if only to be digested deliberately, is readable throughout. We must defer any extended notice of it for a little while; but, both from the author's exceptional mastery and from the collaboration he has secured from American specialists, we have no hesitation in placing this book at the head of those which pretend to treat of our form of government in theory and in its practical working. We bespeak for it the largest possible circulation, and at this season no more fitting gift could be made to any one interested in political inquiry, whether young or old. Taken as a whole, it is an incomparable mine of information and philosophic observation.

J. B. Lippincott Co. have in press a 'Life of Henry M. Stanley,' by H. W. Little; a 'History of the Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Promulgation of the Constitution of the United States,' edited by Hampton L. Carson; and 'A Shocking Example, and Other Sketches,' by Frances Courtney Baylor.

Miss Sally P. McLean, author of 'Cape Cod Folks,' has written a new novel, 'Lastchance Junction,' to be published directly by Cupples & Hurd, Boston.

Longmans, Green & Co., 15 East Sixteenth Street, will be the American publishers of the late Lord Stanhope's 'Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington.' They also promise a collection of the later lyrics of the Englishwoman who writes under the name of "E. Nesbit," entitled 'Leaves of Life.'

Early in the new year will appear the work on 'Remarkable Bindings in the British Museum' (New York: J. W. Bouton), for which Mr. H. B. Wheatley has prepared the text, and which is to contain sixty photogravure plates. This is evidently intended to do for the British collection what M. Bouchot's sumptuous work did for the French; and in recognition of the fact that the French interest in the art of bookbinding is greater than the English, there will be a simultaneous edition published in French by MM. Gruel & Englemann. The edition is limited to two hundred copies in English and two hundred in French. Lovers of the art in America may be interested to know that the catalogue of the recent Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society contained a note on bookbinding as an art and as a handicraft by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, perhaps the most accomplished binder living; and a report of a recent lecture of his is condensed in the number of the *Bookbinder* dated November 28.

Mr. Richard le Gallienne, author of 'My Ladies' Sonnets' in which there were several poems in praise of books, will issue early in 1889 a volume of bookish verse to be called 'Volumes in Folio,' of which there will be but 250 copies in 16mo and 50 on large paper.

The pleasant announcement comes from Paris that M. Jules Lemaitre, perhaps the most brilliant of the younger French authors, will publish early in the new year a volume of short stories, to be called simply 'Des Contes,' and to be illustrated by M. Clairin and others.

Any one who wishes to see how far the United States lag behind in copyright legislation, as compared with the effete monarchies of despotic Europe, may be referred to a comprehensive French work recently compiled (not always quite accurately) by M. Charles Constant, 'Code Général des Droits d'Auteur' (Paris: Pedone-Lauriel; New York: F. W. Christern), in which he will find the full text of the Berne international convention, and French translations of the copyright laws of all the leading states of Europe. An examination of it shows that almost every country in Europe acknowledges the principle of international copyright, and that many of them make no inquiry as to the nationality of an author, extending the protection of their laws as fully to the alien as to the citizen. In no country of Europe (except Greece, Turkey, Bulgaria, and Servia) is the duration of copyright less than the life of the author. In England it is forty-two years after publication, or seven years after the author's death, whichever period is the longer. In most of the Continental nations, copyright does not expire until thirty years after the author's death. In France and in Belgium the term extends to fifty years after the author dies, and in Spain to eighty years; and this reminds us that even in Mexico the rights of authors are far more carefully guarded by law than in the United States. It is a curious and anomalous fact that the United States should be the first and the most liberal in caring for the inventor by their patent laws, and the last and the least liberal in caring for the author by their copyright laws.

We have already praised the editions of Hugo and Dumas now being issued by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Two volumes each of 'The Toilers of the Sea' and of 'The Man Who Laughs' have just been added to the former series, and two of 'Twenty Years After' in the 'D' Artagnan romances. The binding is simple but of rich effect, and the typography is capital.

The seventh and eighth volumes of the 'Poetical Works of Robert Browning' have just appeared in the author's latest edition (Macmillan). They contain "In a Balcony" and "Dramatis Personæ," and the first volume of "The Ring and the Book." These attractive volumes are embellished with the familiar Talfourd portrait of Browning (1859), a *scudo* of Innocent XII. with his effigy, and an old title-page in facsimile.

We are glad to greet again Prof. Child's selection of two tales from Malcolm's 'Sketches of Persia'—'Stories from the Persian: Abdûlla of Khorassan, and Ahmed the Cobbler' (Cam-

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bridge: C. W. Sever; New York: Brentano). They have a perennial freshness.

Gen. H. B. Carrington's 'Patriotic Reader; or, Human Liberty Developed in Verse and and Prose' (Lippincott & Co.) awakens expectations by no means fulfilled. It contains nothing whatever drawn from the moral agitation to rid this country of the incubus of slavery. Wendell Phillips is quoted only for his tribute to O'Connell; Sumner for "The Reign of Peace Foreshadowed"; Whittier for "The Battle of Lexington" and his "Centennial Hymn"; Pierpont for "The Pilgrim Fathers" and "Warren's Address"; Beecher for his "Eulogy on Grant;" Seward for "America's True Greatness"; John Quincy Adams for historical utterances; Lowell not at all, Giddings not at all, and so forth. The section (XIII) in which the subject is squinted at is euphemistically entitled, "America Survives the Ordeal of Conflicting Systems"; but ought not "the youth of America" to have had a glimpse of the "irrepressible conflict"? With much good matter, there is a deal of rubbish and padding in this book.

Longfellow's well-known ballad translation from Uhland furnishes the starting-point of a dainty holiday brochure, 'The Story of the Luck of Edenhall,' by Amanda B. Harris (Boston: D. Lothrop Co.). Miss Harris traces from his diaries the first promptings of Longfellow's muse in this instance, compares several ballads in which the "Luck" is commemorated, and tells a little about the Hall and the Musgrave family. Mr. E. H. Garrett supplies appropriate and pleasing designs made on the spot, as well as some imaginative ones (not so commendable) to accompany a metrical moral on the old theme, by Susan Coolidge.

Longfellow's 'Village Blacksmith,' illustrated in colors, with the American imprint of E. & J. B. Young & Co., is a neat little production, in which it is curious to see an English designer give a transatlantic complexion to the hero of the poem and his environment.

Though a commercial enterprise, the idea of 'Some Noted Sculptures and their Homes,' compiled by Mary Graham Duff, and published by the Soule Photograph Co., Boston, is not bad. Some fifty masterpieces of ancient art are described in the words of sundry writers possessing all sorts of qualifications as critics, and are provided each with a blank leaf for mounting the proper photographs—which can be had at such a price of the publishers, or can be procured in any other way. The work is in two volumes.

A new edition of H. D. Sleeper's 'Songs of Harvard' (Cambridge: C. W. Sever; New York: Brentano) has just appeared, with a pretty rubricated cover. The collection is out of the ordinary, and very tastefully printed.

The "George Eliot" and the "Schiller" Calendars are issued by Nims & Knight, Troy, N. Y., each equipped with appropriate background in chromolithograph, with portraits of the respective authors and typical characters from their works. The Schiller pad conveys extracts in the original German and in literal translation. This calendar is given the shape of a fan. The same firm's "Sunshine Calendar" is of a different sort—illuminated monthly cards hung upon a steel rod, with a Cupid design in front and a poem upon the back.

Pretty and novel is the "Author's Calendar" brought out by Greenough, Hopkins & Cushing, Boston—a rose-spray device on a white and gold cover, with each weekly leaf given up to extracts from a single author, Tennyson leading off. Sometimes the month is hit in the quotations, but not always. Yet there was room for a little aptness here—Herrick for May, Lowell for June, Tom Hood for November, etc.

Sun and Shade for December, according to promise, shows the photogravure, photolithographic, and photogelatine processes applied to a baker's dozen of paintings, engravings, etc., representing children, one being a portrait from life in colors.

L'Art for November 1 opens with a chapter on the "Damnation of Faust," from Adolphe Jullien's new work on Berlioz. The noble volume itself has quickly followed: 'Hector Berlioz: sa Vie et ses Œuvres' (Paris: Librairie de *l'Art*; New York: Macmillan). We should miss the golden moment of the gift season if we waited to say our full say about it, after having read it carefully. Its externals in the way of very profuse illustrations—portraits, caricatures, facsimiles of music, and fourteen symbolic lithographic drawings to fit the quarto page, by M. Fantin-Latour—ensure the worth of the purchaser's investment. But M. Jullien's similar monograph on Wagner proved that in matters musical he speaks with large knowledge and authority. Hence our advice is, to buy first of all, and judge afterwards.

The well-known Austrian traveller, Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg, contributes to *Petermann's Mitteilungen* an entertaining account of his recent explorations in Northern Venezuela, and especially of the Lake of Tacarigua or Valencia, interesting as being one of the three freshwater lakes of any size in South America. He notes but few changes in the country since the time of Humboldt's visit, except that the cultivation of indigo and cotton, its principal productions then, has been entirely supplanted by coffee and cacao, the amount exported of the former having increased from one million pounds in 1804 to forty million in 1886. In some districts, agriculture is being relinquished for cattle-raising, with a consequent destruction of the forests and a material decrease of the waters of the lake. This is now thirty miles long by about nine broad, and, though sixty thousand people live near its shores, is almost deserted, only four small canoes being upon it. Prof. O. Krümmel discusses in the same number, with the aid of some admirable charts, the old "problem of the Euripus," the cause of its irregular currents or tides, a phenomenon frequently mentioned by ancient writers and used proverbially by Æschines and Aristotle to designate an unstable man; and Emil Schlagintweit explains the meanings of the names of the principal Himalayan peaks, suggesting for the sake of uniformity that the highest should be called Gaurisankar-Everest. A supplemental number contains an unusually well-written description, by H. Michaelis, of his travels in central and western China.

A fine wall-map for students and teachers of Cæsar and later Roman history is that by H. Kiepert of Hither and Farther Gaul and the adjacent countries, just issued by Dietrich Reimer, Berlin. Its range may roughly be described as from Rome to Liverpool and Vienna.

There is a sensible article to be noted in the (Syracuse) *Academy* for December on "Who Shall Teach French or German?" by Dr. A. N. Van Daell of Boston.

In the current *American Journal of Philology* Mr. M. D. Learned continues his papers on the Pennsylvania German Dialect, and Mr. J. D. Prince contributes some interesting observations on the language of the Eastern Algonkin tribes.

The "Ten-Year Book" of Cornell University appears for the second time. It is a list of matriculates as well as graduates, and adds present addresses and (in the case of graduates) a brief summary of the post-graduate career. In those particulars, the register is, we believe, unique. The labor of preparing it may be estimated.

Two significant "circulars of information" have just issued from the Bureau of Education: the one, "Industrial Education at the South," by the Rev. A. D. Mayo; the other and more extensive, "Thomas Jefferson and the University of Virginia," by Dr. Herbert B. Adams. The latter brochure is beautifully illustrated, and is a monograph of permanent historical value. It combines with its main topic authorized statistics of the chief Southern colleges.

The last of the holiday books come to us from Nims & Knight (Troy, N. Y.), in the form of four thin volumes. The first three of these, 'Celebrated Artists,' 'Gems of Art,' and 'Gems of French Art,' are all built upon the same lines. The first is a collection of etchings, and the two others are collections of photogravures, and the grouping is made on no discoverable principle. As is apt to be the case in such collections, the "gems" are largely paste, though a real stone is to be found here and there. The fourth volume is an edition of Bryant's 'Autumn Pastoral,' with photogravure reproductions of drawings by C. E. Phillips. There is little good to be said of it.

—Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps thus writes to an American friend: "I have done nothing in a literary way all this summer, nor have I been capable of doing anything except adding to my collection of Shakespeare rareties. [It is much to do that.] Among my recent acquisitions are a copy of the printed original music to 'Farewell, Dear Heart, since I must needs be gone,' quoted in 'Twelfth Night' (act ii., 3), only one other copy being known; and a manuscript book of travels of the last century containing the earliest account of the interior of Shakespeare's birth-room that has yet been discovered." Bears hibernate through the winter. Mr. Phillipps reverses their habit. As he has, to use his own phrase, "lain fallow all summer," Shaksperian students who remember his activities during so many a year are sanguine that he will not let the winter pass without adding to the weighty debt they owe him.

—It will be gratifying to students of science in this country to know that the Cuvier Prize of the French Academy of Sciences, which is awarded triennially for the most important researches in the domain of general natural history and geology, and which has associated with it, among others, the names of Von Baer, Ehrenberg, Richard Owen, Agassiz, and Heer, has been this year decreed to the distinguished president of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, Professor Joseph Leidy. Following closely upon the award to the same scientist of the Lyell Medal of the Geological Society of London, and of the Walker Grand Prize of the Boston Society of Natural History, this recognition is a just tribute to the worth of one who has, with a degree of modesty uncommon to men of such eminence, kept himself well in the background among aspirants for fame and honors. There are probably few among the distinguished naturalists of this country who are less generally known than Professor Leidy, yet it is safe to say that during the last quarter of a century he has had no peer among the native-born, nor any co-laborer whose works have been held in higher repute by the savants of both Europe and America. As a comparative anatomist and microscopist, he easily leads the field; and if in the department of vertebrate palæontology he has seen rivals grow about him, it can yet be said that Dr. Leidy was the founder of

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the science in this country, and that to his pen belong the records of the first important researches made into the extinct life of the Western Territories. To Dr. Leidy, likewise, humanity is indebted in great part for the determination of the nature of trichina.

—About a year ago, in speaking of the commemoration of the thirtieth anniversary of Mommsen's Berlin professorship, we remarked regretfully that we could see no sign of the completion of his long-delayed work on Roman constitutional law. When we wrote these words, the wished-for work was, no doubt, already completed, and it has since been published as Vol. III., in two thick parts, making in all 1,336 pages. This great work, in Mommsen's strong and condensed style, in which there is never a word too much, but which is not devoid of the intolerable complexities of German construction, with exhaustive citations and illustrative extracts, and provided with abundant cross-references, may well daunt the most enthusiastic reader in this busy age. It is, nevertheless, whether for reading or for reference, indispensable to all students of the Roman Constitution; and, indeed, it renders unnecessary a great deal of previously necessary reading, at the same time clearing up points which have heretofore been obscure. It is to be noted that in this treatise Mommsen's point of view is that of the lawyer rather than the historian—a point of view which explains, for example, his theory of the relations of the plebs to the clients, in which we cannot but think that the historical question is somewhat obscured by his purely legal treatment. This explains, too, the order of the work—the theory of the magistracy occupying the first volume, the several magistrates the second, the people and the Senate the third. We should, for our part, be tempted to reverse the order, or at least commence the subject with the discussion of the people and their organization. The present volume, after treating of the body of citizens (*Bürgerschaft*), their organization, rights, and duties (assemblies, equites, nobles, etc.), proceeds to take up the classes of qualified citizens and dependent bodies—Latins, *Socii*, etc.—together with the important subject of municipal organization. Part II. (why not call it a separate volume, as it really is?) is devoted to the Senate. In this part, contrary to his usual custom, which is to omit mention of rival theories, Mommsen makes constant mention of Willems's great work, 'Le Sénat de la République Romaine,' which he treats with the respect due to an able antagonist.

—An interesting proof of the widespread interest in the study of that branch of folk-lore relating to popular tales reaches us from the south of Spain, in the shape of a work devoted to Catalan tales. It is entitled, 'Rondallística: Estudi de Literatura Popular ab mostres catalanes inédites' (Barcelona, 1888), and received the extraordinary prize in the Floral Games at Barcelona in the same year. The author, Pan Bertran y Bros, has prefixed to his text an excellent treatise on folk-lore, in which he gives a very clear account of the various theories of the origin and diffusion of popular tales, and proposes a scheme of classification into three classes: sub-human (animals, plants, inorganic natures), super-human (fairies, witches, giants, etc.), and human (man). The twenty-five stories that follow have not been previously published, and are a welcome contribution to our somewhat scanty stock from the Iberian peninsula. Some of the stories are already familiar in other versions: No. 1, *Compare Llop y comare Guineu* is Grimm No. 2, "Cat and Mouse in Partnership" (in the Catalan tale the wolf and fox are the actors); No. 2, *La Gallina, 'l Gall, la Cabra, 'l Porch, el Llop y la Guineu* is Crane's 'Italian Popular Tales,' lxxxvii, "The Cock"; No. 4, *El Corp, la Guineu, y 'l Llop* is Uncle Remus's "Old Mr. Rabbit, he's a good Fisherman" (La Fontaine xi, 6); No. 5, *La Guineu y 'l Gripau*, is Uncle Remus's "Mr. Rabbit finds his Match at Last" (the Amazonian myth of how the tortoise outran the deer); No. 6, *L'Aucellet*, is Grimm No. 47, "The Juniper Tree"; No. 7, *Boquet, Boquill*, is Crane's lxxviii (the story so well known in English of the old woman who found a little crooked sixpence and went to market and bought a little pig); No. 8, *Pere Xich*, is Grimm No. 20, "The Valiant Little Tailor"; No. 10, *Sant Vicens Ferrer y 'l Aprenent*, is Crane's li, "The Lord, St. Peter, and the Blacksmith"; No. 11, *Sant Pere y 'l Ronyó del Bé*, is in the *Cento Novelle* No. lxxv, and Grimm No. 81, "Brother Lustig"; No. 14, *La Endevinalla*, is Grimm No. 22, "The Riddle"; No. 15, *El Soldat del llibre Maravellós*, is (partly) Grimm No. 61, "The Little Farmer"; No. 18, *El Mitx-Amich*, is the *Disciplina Clericalis* (ed. Schmidt, p. 35). The other stories are of the class of jests, several of them belonging to the cycle of our Lord's travels upon earth, in which St. Peter, as usual, plays a sorry part.

—The title of the work demands notice. It is a new creation from the Catalan word *rondalla* (tale), a term derived from the habit of narrating tales at the winter evening meetings of neighbors, where the stories go round the fire from one mouth to another. The editor states that what he has published constitutes but a small part of the stock he has collected. It is to be hoped that he may be able to publish the rest as a supplement to Maspons y Labros's collection ('Lo Rondallayre,' Barcelona, 1871–75, 3 vols.), which contains nothing but fairy tales—fables, legends, and anecdotes being entirely wanting.

—There is a certain solitary wasp which regularly lays in a store of five half-dead caterpillars for its coming male grubs and ten for its female. Mr. Galton has lately found out in his Anthropometrical Laboratory, that women who do not wear corsets have a breathing capacity nearly half as great again as that of women who do wear them. An investigation by Lowenfeld, noticed in the last number of the *Journal of Psychology*, makes it plain that neither the weight of the brain nor the convolution of its surface is to be considered as a reliable expression of intellectual development, for they are modified by the length and weight of the body and the thickness of the cortex, but that the supply of blood to the brain is so very variable as to be a matter of great importance. He finds that the relative diameter of the cerebral blood-vessels, per 100 grammes of brain, is in some cases nearly twice as great as in others, and that it increases with increase of age; and he draws the natural conclusion that the capability of continuous mental exertion and the development of talent must depend very largely upon this factor. These three facts are not without a connection. A large amount of food is necessary for the production of a large amount of energy. But the amount of food which the human machine can transform into work depends upon the breathing capacity of the lungs, and that depends upon the amount of air which can be supplied for its combustion, and that depends upon the wearing or the not wearing of corsets. With a generous supply of blood, the proportion of it which can be turned in upon the brain is very variable, and must be capable of being largely influenced by habit. Hence the amount of intellectual work which can be done by woman it is within her own power to regulate, to a much greater extent than might have been supposed possible. It has been noticed that college women have largely given up the wearing of the corset, and it is doubtless a custom that will become more and more widespread; it would seem strange that any one should care to pour into himself intellectual food at the same time that he carefully shuts off the draft of his furnace and so prevents its utilization.

RECENT POETRY.

If this age does not build the tombs of the prophets, it at least edits anthologies from the poets, combining and recombining their material in endless repetition. Fortunately, the work is almost always done well, with ample editorial labor in the way of annotating and indexing. We are somewhat tardy in noticing Mr. Sharp's admirable 'Sonnets of this Century' (Whittaker), which includes, indeed, only English poets, yet brings the list down to recent years, and furnishes an indispensable supplement to the collections of Caine, Waddington, and others. A still more valuable work is that of Samuel Waddington, 'Sonnets of Europe' (White & Allen), giving copious translations, not merely from the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, but also from realms where the sonnet seems exotic—the French, German, Swedish, Dutch, and Polish. Many of his translations are the work of Americans—Brooks, Bryant, Higginson, Longfellow, Lowell, Norton, Parsons, and Madame Ossoli. It is a volume which recalls curiously the period when the sonnet, in its strict form, came to be temporarily distrusted as un-English; so that Coleridge, writing in 1797 a preface to his own sonnets, declared an English composition on the Italian model to be too difficult and artificial a thing to attempt, and maintained that a sonnet-writer should "consult his own convenience" as to metre, and have "rhymes many or few, or no rhymes at all." This he proceeded to illustrate by publishing a "sonnet" in sixteen lines, with alternate rhymes, composed while climbing Brockley Coomb—although the composition appears in later editions only as "Lines," with all claims to sonneteering discreetly withheld. If Coleridge thought even the Italian sonnet too artificial, what would have been his verdict on the little volume 'Ballades and Rondeaus, Chants Royals, Sestinas, Villanelles, etc.,' by Gleeson White (Appletons)? Here we have a cyclopædia of the so-called French forms of poetic art, with many American contributions from Oscar Fay Adams, Bunner, Brander Matthews, Scollard, and others. There is much wit and some wisdom, as well as a great deal of grace and ingenuity, in this little book; but we fancy that Coleridge would have closed it with a slight feeling of *après moi la déluge*. Even the modern reader may turn with some mental unbending to the pretty little volume called 'Elfin Music: An Anthology of English Fairy Poetry,' by Arthur Edward Waite (London: Walter Scott; New York: Whittaker). All the versified fairy tales which charmed his youth will here be found; but why did not the editor include the pretty Irish legend of "The Fairy Reaper," which appeared, some years since, in an English magazine? Mr. Henry F. Randolph has edited 'The Book of Latter-Day Ballads (1858–1888)' (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.), a well-printed and well-edited collection, but somewhat miscellaneous in character. It seems curious that he should omit Kingsley from his list of poets; his omission of Longfellow and some other

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Americans is apparently due to the non-consent of publishers. 'Heroic Ballads,' edited by Mrs. Tileston (Roberts Bros.), is a better collection, which we notice rather tardily; but the illustrations are poor and the binding hideous.

The series of poetical compilations issued by White & Allen is, however, so liberal and ample as to dwarf all others. They issue ten volumes, printed apparently in London, and grouped as follows: 'Ballads of the North Countrie'; 'Jacobite Song'; 'Early English Poetry'; 'Sonnets of the Century'; 'Irish Minstrelsy'; 'A Century of Australian Song'; 'Women's Voices'; 'Songs of the Sea'; 'Sacred Song'; 'Children of the Poets.' The last three volumes include the work of American authors, to some extent; while the Australian volume includes Mr. Boyle O'Reilly, and the Irish volume has both him and Colonel Halpine. These books are very unequal, both in material and selection, but they are all well printed and edited, with a good bibliographical apparatus; although they need, by reason of their extent and merit, a general index to the whole, which might well appear in a small supplementary volume. It is really an *embarras des richesses* to have so extensive an anthology and yet no key to it. The absence of American writers in the women's volume is a peculiar drawback upon it; and the Australian collection, though faithfully edited, gives an impression of making the most of rather thin material. Not one of all Mr. Sladen's poets shows anything like the ring and fire which appeared, fifty years ago, in Thomas Pringle's poems written in South Africa.

In the way of translations, the leading place must be given to 'The Kalevala,' the epic poem of Finland, done into English by John Martin Crawford (Alden), in two handsome octavos—the first complete rendering of this remarkable poem. Attention was first attracted to it, as may be remembered, when it was found to have suggested the metre of Longfellow's 'Hiawatha.' It must be confessed that this metre is a positive drawback, so monotonous does it become in the reading; nor can the lay reader quite go along with the opinion of Max Müller, who thinks that the 'Kalevala' possesses merits not dissimilar to those of the 'Iliad,' and ranks it as the fifth national epic of the world. Yet it is full of striking thoughts, as when the songs of Wainamoinen not merely disarm his opponents, but give warmth to the new sun and the new moon, when they are made; or when the same great wonder-worker, having made a magic vessel, cannot complete it until he can find the three lost words of his master Wipunen. He seeks them in the brains of the wild birds and on the tongues of wild animals; but it is not until, after untold dangers, he finds the elder enchanter himself, that the three words are obtained and the boat floats. The three words tell the causes of things, and, as an old man informs Wainamoinen,

> "Greater things have been accomplished,
> Much more wondrous things effected,
> Through but three words of the master;
> Through the telling of the causes
> Streams and oceans have been tempered."
> (I, 105.)

The 'Kalevala' is indeed one of those primeval epics which, as Thoreau said, silence a man for a while, since it has thoughts which go deep.

We should, perhaps, also include among translations the works of Edward Fitzgerald (2 vols.; London: Quaritch; Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), which we have delayed noticing, waiting for what is understood to be the authorized edition. The present publication is said to have been arranged by Mr. Quaritch, who holds most of Fitzgerald's copyrights, while Mr. W. Aldis Wright is preparing the recognized biography. The memoir in this volume is somewhat hasty and off-hand; the powerful poem of Omar Khayyám is given from the first and fourth editions, thus contrasting Fitzgerald's extremes of variation, but without presenting that collection of all the four variants which is still a desideratum. The editor of these volumes hazards some versions of his own in his notes, and these hardly win our gratitude or enhance the dignity of Omar Khayyám. It is a melancholy fact that Fitzgerald so dwarfs all other translators of the old tent-maker that their attempts in that direction must meet with indifference. Even Mr. John Leslie Garner's 'Strophes of Omar Khayyám' (Milwaukee: Corbett) will obtain but little gratitude from the public, although the version is to all appearance made from the original, and has some interesting parallel passages from various languages; but the fire of Fitzgerald's rare genius is wanting, though we see no reason why Mr. Garner's attempts are not as satisfactory as Whinfield's. For the rest, the two Fitzgerald volumes include his translations from Jámi and Æschylus, but not from Sophocles, and only a portion of his admirable renderings from Calderon. They include also a curious, old-fashioned literary dialogue, entitled "Euphranor," which may best be described by saying that the participants are named Phidippus, Lexilogus, and the like; a paper called "Polonius," which is only a collection of rather trite quotations; and a racy series of papers on "Suffolk Sea Phrases," which give us more of Fitzgerald's individuality than all other sources combined, and afford some glimpse of the school in which he learned his unsurpassed vigor of language. It is curious, as a matter of comparison, to find among all his phrases only two or three which are in use on our seacoast, some of these being *ship's husband*, *sou'wester* (hat), and *to shin up* (a mast). But the whole result of these two handsome volumes is to tantalize, and to awaken the desire to know more and more of Edward Fitzgerald.

Among other translations we note 'Poems by Alexander Pushkin, translated from the Russian; with an Introduction and Notes,' by Ivan Panin (Cupples & Hurd). It is preceded by a singular preface, in which the translator concedes that he has sought only literalness, and disavows all attempts at melody. We cannot test his success in the former direction, but his disavowal is extremely well founded. The inexhaustible Sir Edwin Arnold gives us another volume of oriental translations, 'With Sa'di in the Garden; or, the Book of Love' (Roberts Bros.), carrying on a series which is perhaps becoming a little cloying, and giving us a Saadi (or Sa'di) in verse who is certainly a little less impressive than when he speaks in the prose versions of Captain Clarke or James Ross. The Rev. Oliver Crane, D.D., of Middletown, Conn., adds another to the translations of Virgil, choosing the English hexameter as his medium (Baker & Taylor Co.). As a result he gives us a book which is more readable, on the whole, than the blank-verse translations, but strikes the reader, after all, as being rather the work of a schoolmaster than of a poet. It is marred, too, by abrupt and ungraceful expressions, as

> "Plundered the sacred bust, and with hands still reeking with carnage,
> Ventured profanely to fumble the virginal wreaths of the goddess." (Æn. ii, 167–8.)

Among translations should also be classed the volume, 'Poems and Translations,' by Lewis Frederick Starrett (Boston: Rand Avery Co.); for the greater part of the volume is occupied by versions from the German lyric poets, and these are of more interest, on the whole, than the original poems that precede them. The same discrimination must also be made in the little volume, 'Metrical Translations and Poems,' by Frederick H. Hedge and Annis Lee Wister (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), where the German translations are far better than those of Mr. Starrett.

Among the volumes of "Poems" that come to us from England, that bearing the name of the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke (Macmillan) most arrests attention, from its surprising freshness and vigor, seeming like the production of an impetuous youth rather than of a London clergyman who has passed his half-century of years. It serves, however, to recall the fact that he took prizes for poetry at Dublin University, and it is evident from the varied contents of this volume that the Muse has been a lifelong companion. He shows an unusual capacity of sustained vigor through some of the longer poems, as "The Lioness" (p. 139), and gives us both the moralist and the poet in these strong verses, which recall Barry Cornwall's "Within and Without," drawing a similar contrast:

JUSTICE.

> Three men went out one summer night,
> No care they had, or aim,
> And dined and drank—"Ere we go home
> We'll have," they said, "a game."
>
> Three girls began, that summer night,
> A life of endless shame;
> And went through drink, disease, and death
> As swift as racing flame.
>
> Lawless and homeless, foul, they died;
> Rich, loved, and praised, the men;
> But when they all shall meet with God,
> And Justice speaks—what then? (p. 85.)

In 'Glen Desseray, and Other Poems,' by the late John Campbell Shairp (Macmillan), we see how much can be contributed towards the making of a poet by the mere fact of living among poetic localities, and we also see the limitations of that influence. In the case of Principal Shairp, it cannot quite be said to have succeeded; and it is doubtful whether any poem in the volume will afford so much pleasure, out of Scotland, as will be given by the admirable preface of Dr. Palgrave. To the general reader the two compositions entitled "Balliol Scholars" and "Highland Students" may perhaps have more interest than any of the rest, and this for other than poetic reasons. 'Dreams to Sell,' by May Kendall (Longmans) is a dainty little book, with much grace and a good deal of strength in the verses, as, for instance, in the following:

LOST SOULS.

> They passed before my threshold,
> The lost souls, one by one.
> I watched them from the daybreak
> Unto the set of sun.
>
> I said, "My soul's unshaken
> Because I have not sinned.
> Surely, they reap the whirlwind.
> They who have sown the wind."
>
> The burden of their failure,
> It was no more my own
> Than a far distant struggle
> Lost in a land unknown.
>
> Till it seemed a sudden shadow
> Over my threshold crossed,
> And I knew the play was ended,
> And my own soul was lost. (p. 133.)

Another English volume is that by Mr. Henry G. Hewlett, 'A Wayfarer's Wallet—Dominus Redivivus' (London: Redway). We once had occasion to speak warmly of this author's previous volume, 'A Sheaf of Verse'; and the present work keeps in some degree the promise of that, although we cannot think the longer poem equal to some of the slighter ones that precede it. The following plainspoken sonnet is even more applicable to-day than in the year 1870, when it was written:

TO GERMANY.

> O source of God! if that dread name be thine,
> Art thou not cozened by the cheat of sense
> That prompts the fated tool's blind confidence
> Itself doth wield its destiny? The Rhine,
> Unity, Fatherland, a fortressed line,
> Of these, thy righteous armor of defence,
> Hast thou wrought arms of fraud and violence.
> Unity masks the intricate design
> Of one cool gamester's will, whose daring stake
> Risks all for empire. Fatherland doth make

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Ten thousand children fatherless. Where stood
The Cæsars, clomb the conquering kings o' the North
And fell! Beware, lest some new scourge go forth,
And Rhine, thy Tiber, roll with German blood!
(p. 22.)

'The Banshee, and Other Poems,' by [Dr.] John Todhunter (London: Kegan Paul), handles well some of those fine old Irish legends in which Aubrey de Vere has found such rich material. 'From West to East,' by Henry Rose (London: Stott; New York: Scribner & Welford), is one of those poetic volumes we often receive from the much-travelling Englishman—books marked by no great genius, yet with the blossoms of many lands pressed between the leaves.

Among recent American volumes, Mr. Curtis May gives us in 'Moly' (Putnams) some pleasing sketches of travel, but when he tries to be jocose, as in "The Old Maids' Club," he is simply coarse. Mr. Thomas E. Van Bibber's 'The Holy Child; or, the Flight into Egypt' (Putnams) is a long blank-verse poem, somewhat after the Lew Wallace style, but in a quieter and less turgid vein. Mr. D. J. Donahoe, in 'Idyls of Israel' (Alden), goes over the same ground. Mr. Arlo Bates's 'Sonnets in Shadow' (Roberts Bros.) have in truth the sadness they proffer in their title, and this not quite so much lighted by faith as is the 'In Memoriam' of Tennyson. Of this, one ought not perhaps to complain; but there is also some want of that controlling simplicity of structure which is needed to balance the somewhat artificial character of the Italian sonnet. Mr. Elwyn A. Barron's play of 'The Viking' (Chicago: McClurg) is vouched for by Edwin Barrett as being really available for acting. So many good dramas are unsuitable for the stage that it is pleasant to find one which promises to be better in acting than in reading. 'Mask and Domino,' by David L. Proudfit (Philadelphia: Porter & Coates), so suggests Edgar Fawcett in its style that one has to look at the title-page to make sure of the authorship. 'Madeleine, a Poem in Fragments,' by Daniel Chauncey Brewer (Putnams), is rendered perplexing by the fact that there seems nothing to explain the title, or to make the volume other than a collection of miscellaneous poems. It seems curious that a man educated at Williams College should call a poem written in the following metre a "sonnet":

"'Tis when the wealth of summer life
Merges into cool autumnal days,
And golden harvests o'er the land
Bespeak the great Creator's praise."
(p. 116.)

That he should, in the same poem, rhyme "more" with "law" is perhaps less strange, in view of the bad example given in this respect by Mr. Aldrich and others.

As Dr. Palgrave's preface is the best part of the volume of Mr. Shairp's poems, so is Mr. Leslie Stephen's preface the best part of 'A Marriage of Shadows,' by the late Margaret Veley (Lippincott). The rest is a tribute to affection rather than to genius; but many of the poems by this young English poetess are familiar to Americans, as having been published in our own magazines. 'The Dead Doll, and Other Verses" by Margaret Vandegrift (Ticknor) has lively poems for children, but is it desirable to put the thought of death into such prominence for those young things, even as embodied in a doll? Miss Jessie F. O'Donnell's 'Heart Lyrics' (Putnams) is graceful, tender, and innocent. Innocence is evidently not the aim of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's 'Poems of Pleasure,' but we feel bound to say, even at the risk of impairing its sale, that there is no great harm in it: it is simply flat. It is hard to see why the distressful and somewhat maudlin effusions of Adah Isaacs Menken (Lippincott) are reprinted; but it may be that the cheap laurels of Mrs. Wilcox and Mrs. Rives-Chanler will not suffer that poor outcast to sleep in her grave. 'Poems by Josiah Allen's Wife' (Funk & Wagnalls) has the good intentions and the commonplaceness which mark all the writings of this popular author. She is one of those who in prose cultivate a homeliness bordering on vulgarity, but in verse demand as heroines nothing less than the Lady Maud, the Lady Cécile, Gladys, Lemoine, Gloria, and Isabelle. On the whole, we prefer her with Jane and Samantha. Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke has a talent of much higher grade, but in the enlarged edition of her poetical works (Gottsberger) we find with regret that little is added—except in quantity—to her earlier volume of 1861, which contained poems such as "Bluebeard's Chamber" and "Basile Renaud," to which her later contributions afford no parallel.

In the way of local coloring, an attribute which often makes even commonplace poetry interesting, we have 'Legends of the Susquehanna,' by Truman H. Purdy (Lippincott), with illustrations by Darley, whose style was once so popular; 'Andiatorocté; or, the Eve of Lady Day on Lake George,' by the Rev. Clarence A. Walworth (Putnams), a poem on an Indian theme, with attractive studies from nature and some glimpses of French Canadian convent life; 'Monadnock,' by J. E. Nesmith (Cambridge: Riverside Press), with unusually vigorous sketches of Emerson's favorite mountain; and 'The Western Wanderer,' by Richard P. Parrish (Allison), giving a traveller's itinerary across the continent. Each of these authors adds miscellaneous verses to his title-poem, but never with very valuable results. In 'Letters from Colorado,' by H. L. Wason (Boston: Cupples & Hurd), we have a series of rhymed letters, with quite a variety of aspects of camp life and experience on plain and mountain. Mr. Thomas C. Amory, the well-known Boston historian and philanthropist, gives us two twin volumes in verse, 'Charles River: A Poem' and 'The Siege of Newport' (Cambridge: University Press), which make a pleasant blending of historic legend and the personal reminiscence of half a century. Mr. D. M. Henderson's 'Poems, Scottish and American' (Baltimore: Cushings & Bailey) have a pleasant Scotch flavor, and 'Songs of the Celt,' by Charles Cashel Connolly (Baltimore: Murphy), have something of the Irish fervor. The Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill's volume "In the Woods and Elsewhere" (Cupples & Hurd) is full of spicy suggestions of the forests of Maine, as is the Rev. John W. Chadwick's 'A Book of Poems' (Roberts Bros.) of the sea breezes of Marblehead. And as a farther bit of local coloring, we like nothing in 'Orestes, a Dramatic Sketch, and Other Poems,' by Harry Lyman Koopman (Buffalo: Moulton) so well as this stirring lay "Isle au Haut," which thus begins:

Highland Island of the deep,
Isle au Haut!
Where the storm winds wailing sweep,
And the breakers flash and leap
All a-row,
Echoing up thy rocky steep,
Isle au Haut!"
(p. 49.)

We have felt disposed to interest ourselves in the little volume of Mr. Madison J. Cawein, 'The Triumph of Music, and Other Lyrics' (Louisville, Ky.: Morton) were it only that it comes from a part of the country which has hitherto done itself too little justice in song; but it is spoiled for us by a weak and pervasive imitativeness that makes page after page of it seem mere Swinburne-and-water. We take almost at random the following:

FOREVERMORE.

O heart that vainly follows
The flight of summer swallows
Far over holts and hollows
O'er frozen buds and flowers;
To violet seas and levels,
Where lone Time's locks dishevels
With merry mimes and revels
The aphrodisiac Hours.

O love who, dreaming, borrows
Dead love from sad to-morrows,
The broken heart that sorrows,
The blighted hopes that weep;
Pale faces pale with sleeping,
Red eyelids red with weeping,
Dead lips dead secrets keeping,
That shake the deeps of sleep.
(P. 65.)

And so on through seven stanzas of words, words, words!

In a pretty little volume of Edinburgh imprint, Mr. William Winter has collected many of his poems under the title 'Wanderers' (Ticknor). They reveal him always as a man of essentially poetic mind and sometimes as a poet. There is some, but not very great, promise in 'Iona, a Tale of Ancient Greece,' by Payne Erskine (Cupples & Hurd). The modest little volume, 'Fourteen Sonnets,' by Warren Holden (Lippincott), also indicates some promise; and 'A Story of the Sands, and Other Poems,' by Dr. E. L. Macomb Bristol, "The Flower Poet" (Brentano), none at all. It, however, offers, like others of the very poorest volumes which reach us, the author's picture and autograph.

If we have reserved to the last the volume by Walt Whitman, 'November Boughs' (Philadelphia: McKay), it is partly because it is mainly prose and not verse, and so a little outside of our subject; and partly because, while the battle still wages between his worshippers and his foes, it is difficult either to dismiss him briefly or to do him ample justice. His portrait, at the beginning, is an infinitely sad spectacle, as must be the case with that of every poet who looks eighty at seventy, and whose very last notes are such a wail of sadness:

"Soon to be lost for aye in the darkness—loth, I so loth to depart,
Garrulous to the very last."
(P. 38.)

When we compare this with the brave and cheerful old age of Longfellow, Holmes, and Whittier, it certainly has a bearing on the total estimate of that individuality which Whitman himself has made so inseparable from his poems. There are doubtless those to whom every line of this volume will be precious; but we confess to turning with a sense of relief to the cooler atmosphere offered by Mr. Alfred Pollard's new and delightful edition of Sir Philip's 'Astrophel and Stella' (London: Stott; Chicago: McClurg). Sidney also dared to speak of those physical aspects of humanity on which Whitman still calls, in old age, for "heroic nudity" (p. 16), but in how different a tone! In a sonnet which may well be placed beside Shakspere's "The Expense of Spirit" he thus takes up that theme so difficult:

Desire, though thou my old companion art,
And oft so clings to my pure love that I
One from the other scarcely can descrie,
While each doth blow the fier of my hart;
Now from thy fellowship I needs must part;
Venus is taught with Dian's wings to flie;
I must no more in thy sweet passions lie;
Vertue's gold now must head my Cupid's dart.
Service and honor, wonder with delight,
Feare to offend, will worthie to appeare,
Care shining in mine eyes, faith in my sprite;
These things are left me by my only Deare:
But thou, Desire, because thou wouldst have all,
Now banisht art; but yet, alas, how shall?
(P. 75.)

RECENT NOVELS.

The Rogue. By W. E. Norris. Henry Holt & Co. 1888.

A Mere Child.—Her Great Idea. By L. B. Walford. Henry Holt & Co.

The Septameron. Philadelphia: David McKay.

Madame Silva. By M. G. McClelland. Cassell & Co.

In War Times at La Rose Blanche. By M. E. M. Davis. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

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Ninette: An Idyll of Provence. By the Author of 'Véra.' D. Appleton & Co.

In 'The Rogue' Mr. Norris has attempted a difficult task—to make us sympathize at one and the same time with a rogue and a rogue's victims; at least, if this was not his object, it is certainly true that our sympathies need to be thus evenly balanced in order to enjoy the book. One of the difficulties in enjoying it lies in the fact that such an even balance is not productive of pleasure. The hero—rogue, villain, blackguard, and felon—a gentleman who pulls horses, gambles with other people's money, and tries very hard to sell his sister to a fellow rascal who has a "pull" on him, is made to appear a pleasant, good-humored man, a little down on his luck, but well-meaning in the main, whom we are supposed to find very agreeable company at the same time that we are wrung with anguish by the poor sister's sufferings at his hands. To make the story interesting, it should have ended as a tragedy. As it is, it turns out a flat farce. It contains an American—what English novel is nowadays complete without one?—who promises to be a worse creature than the hero, but, strange to say, develops at a critical moment an extraordinary turn for generosity, and lets the sister out of the trap which he had prepared for her with the most cold-blooded and diabolical ingenuity. This is unnatural, though it is a pleasant proof of the novelist's belief in the inherent goodness of the American nature. Mr. Fisher disappears in a blaze of glory, perhaps because it is necessary that an American, at the climax of his career, should be made to do something princely. Nevertheless, with all these drawbacks, we must admit that there is a certain verisimilitude about Fisher, and interest enough in the Rogue's checkered career to enable us to endure the angelic goodness of the sister, and the monstrous priggishness of the good man of the tale.

Mrs. Walford has not fulfilled in 'A Mere Child' the hopes which may justly be entertained by all readers of 'Mr. Smith' and 'Troublesome Daughters.' 'The Baby's Grandmother,' to our thinking, showed a decided falling off from the agreeableness of those earlier novels, and 'The History of a Week' was positively detestable. 'A Mere Child,' while certainly an improvement over its immediate predecessor, bears marks of manufacture which are delightfully absent from Mrs. Walford's best books, and make one feel that while, as always, she does her saying cleverly, she in this case had very little to say that was either new or useful.

In 'Her Great Idea, and Other Stories' the same author has shown the resources of a versatile pen in the making of short sketches and trifling verse. It is hardly possible to read a story from the hand of an expert novel-writer without unjustly high expectations, which often throw the reader's mind at the end into the unsatisfied attitude of one who has hoped for bread and got a marsh-mallow. To be just, Mrs. Walford's stories are as good as the average magazine story, her verses as sparkling as many which grace the weekly humorous papers; yet, being hers, they are unsatisfactory, with an exception or two. We pray this keen observer, this indefatigable note-taker, this graceful humorist, to rest her tired pen and then give us another 'Mr. Smith.'

Of the tales in 'The Septameron'—a curiously polyglot title, by the way, much as if one should say "The Cinqueteuch"—"An Old Town Tale" is easily the least inane, being a sketch laid in Philadelphia during the War of 1812, of which pretty Betty Pringle is the heroine. "Parthenope's Love" is a not ungraceful little fable. The other stories in the volume contain most of the faults one has ever met before in stories, and some which bring astonishment to the mind of the hardened reader, well seasoned to preposterousness of style and substance, so-called.

"Madame Silva" and "The Ghost of Dred Power" are stories of Southern characters concerning whom the literature of the present day is leaving nothing to the imagination. "'All women are fond of children,'" says the Southern heroine of "Madame Silva." "'You are unsophisticated,'" replies the hero, while "an amused smile passes over his face; 'most Southern women are.'" Along with this idiosyncratic fact we have, as ingredients in the story, magnetism, Indian adepts, the mind-cure, and serpents—a somewhat too heavy burden of properties for the slender strength of the story to sustain. A division of labor by farming out these weird mysteries among a larger number of stories would be to the advantage of the stories, and would afford more elbow-room to the mysteries. The matter would be quite worthy the present author's consideration, as he has the art of writing interestingly, and with a certain restrained strength which challenges the reader's attention.

Yet another flower on the now free-blooming tree of Southern literature, and one of utmost delicacy of perfume, is 'In War Times at La Rose Blanche' here republished from its original magazine form. It stands among the best of the lighter war books in its graphic pictures of plantation life during the Rebellion, from a strictly domestic point of view—even from a nursery standpoint; for it is a child's observation and experience and memory that give form to these charming sketches—a child who sees her young brothers go off to the war, and who sits upon the fence to wave them a good-bye as they march down the lane; who sees the work of the sugar plantation devolving on her mother's shoulders; who finds that a Yankee boy among those encamped on the lawn can "play ladies" with her and make delightful wooden dolls. An unaffected pathos and simplicity make these pages seem, not descriptions but experiences; the figures that move through them, old and young, white and black, live and have a veritable being. The whole book, in its truth and tenderness, is like one of its own pictures—a morning-glory growing on a soldier boy's grave.

'Ninette' is a story of Provence—a Provence, according to the author, thrown into ruinous confusion by radicalism and anti-clericalism. The increase of crime is traced to the increase of the liquor traffic and to the suppression of religious teaching. Statistics are given to show that since the "laicisation" of the hospitals in Paris, the consumption of brandy therein has quadrupled. Modern progress, depriving the peasant of superstitions, and giving him instead "lascivious pieces, nudities, and songs to make one blush," gambling in the morning hours, lottery-ticket selling, socialism, in which boys of seventeen are adepts, "increase of crime, madness, suicides, divorces, bankruptcies, and vagabondage," are among the evils which Paul Bert's catechism has let loose upon France, and for which the remedy is to be the return of the reign of kings and priests. For this "deep is already calling unto deep." Against the gloom of this special pleading are thrown the comparatively cheerful shadows of private crimes and vengeance, glimpses into the perfume factories and violet farms of Province, and the delicate tracery of a graceful little love story.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

One can hardly imagine how it would be possible to write a sweeter story than 'The Birds' Christmas Carol,' by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). It does not—though the name seems to imply so—tell of the feathered tribe, but of a little invalid girl whose sick-room is the centre of the love and devotion of a household. She is a Christmas child and rejoices in her birthday, and it is fitting that from her should radiate bright and tender influence, not only to her near and dear friends, but to other suffering children and to her poorer neighbors. An artistic foil to the pathos of the narrative is the humorous description of the Ruggles family, and of the Christmas dinner given them, at her urgent wish, in the sick child's own chamber. The sadness of the concluding chapter has been softened with exquisite grace and delicacy.

The same publishers give us 'The Chezzles,' by Mrs. Lucy Gibbons Morse. The author lays her scene alternately on Cape Cod and in France, and details the adventures of Mrs. Chezzle's two little boys at Nipsit, under the charge of Capt. Pepper, and of Mrs. Chezzle herself in her brother's house in a Parisian suburb. These transitions produce an impression of disjointedness in the reader's mind. The Cape Cod part of the story is the more suitable to children, and is doubtless drawn from life; the foreign part, though undeniably entertaining, is open to the objection of making a great point of most iniquitous charlatanry. As a whole, the book is interesting, amusing, and wholesome. The illustrations are small but apt.

Mrs. Molesworth's 'Christmas Posy' (Macmillan) is made up of eight short stories, refined, as usual, told in good English, and illustrated by Walter Crane. There is a fairy story and a true story; one of a lost watch, and another of a lost dog, and a third of missing bonbons. The children addressed are usually of tender age, and they will be satisfied with the simple narrative devoid of plot, with its wholesome moral not obtrusively enforced.

Mrs. Heald's simple little Christmas story, 'Mother Kate and the Brownies' (Philadelphia: Sunshine Publishing Co.), naïvely transfers New England local color to the nominal scene of action—Alsace. The small children who read it or have it read to them will not remark this; and the New England virtues of thrift, industry, and good cheer in straitened circumstances are undoubtedly to be met with in the New Rhine provinces of Germany. For the Brownies it was clearly necessary to go abroad.

One does not know what to say of Ida Waugh's 'Bonny Bairns' (Worthington Co.) except that it will probably please the children for whom it is intended. It would be doing it an injury to take it seriously or to discuss its claims as art or literature; but it is full of pretty childish verses and pretty childish pictures, and that is perhaps all that it need contain to answer its purpose,

The two pages of genuine description of a bit of Maine scenery which preface 'Charley's Wonderful Journeys,' by C. F. Amery (New York: *Forest and Stream* Publishing Co.) are the best thing about the book, which is one of the legion for which the author of 'Alice in Wonderland' is responsible. Despite considerable ingenuity, these dream chapters, with their kaleidoscopic shifting of situations and labored humor, animal and human, are too monotonous to be entertaining. The book is illustrated by a number of hands, sometimes cleverly.

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Kate Greenaway's illustrations of the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin' (George Routledge & Sons) show the old qualities and the old defects—the former not enhanced, and the latter exaggerated. The pretty color and the decorative sense of arrangement are much the same as ever, but the weakness of form is greater, or seems so. Miss Greenaway is incapable of drawing weirdness, and the subject of the present little volume is therefore not well suited to her talent; and an abundance of pretty faces and pretty dresses does not make up for the feebleness of conception of the principal figure. The artist has a curious fashion of suspending her figures in the air, as if on strings, which is very noticeable in the drawing on page 46.

The author of 'Scotch Caps' (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), J A K, has attempted the difficult task of portraying a boy as thoroughly good without making him a prig. From this point of view alone the result can hardly be called successful, for in most respects the hero is a fair specimen of the latter type of character. As a story, however, despite some heavy opening chapters, 'Scotch Caps' is interesting and will doubtless exert a good influence. This would have been greater but for the improbability of some of the main incidents, which we trust are pure fiction and not founded on fact.

To speak here of Prof. J. R. Soley's 'The Sailor-Boys of '61' (Estes & Lauriat) is to take the title literally. This clear, spirited, and authoritative narrative is indeed quite within the comprehension of children, but it is not at all "written down" to them or with any special reference to them. It can therefore be read with interest by adults, and we know of no better brief picture of the naval features of our civil war. The spirit in which Prof. Soley writes is admirable, and Southerners can read his pages from beginning to end without offence. So good a text merited better illustrations. For the variety secured, the publishers are indebted to French artists, working, as we suspect, for the civil-war novel of Jules Verne. There are numerous portraits, and some truthful representations of ships and engagements.

Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks's pictorial 'Story of the American Sailor' (D. Lothrop Co.) is still less intentionally adapted for the juvenile understanding, though offered to young and old. It begins with the prehistoric canoeist and ends with the yachtsman, and manages to suggest the naval history of the United States without being closely bound in its selection or proportionate treatment of topics. There is the merest hint that a sailor's life in the past was not altogether pleasant, to say nothing of what it is in our day. For the proper priming on this subject, Mr. Brooks should have resorted to a work not found in his list of the "best hundred books on the American Sailor," namely, McNally's 'Evils and Abuses in the Naval and Merchant Service Exposed' (Boston, 1839). We observe, by the way, that Mr. Brooks follows Mr. Griffis in linking Commodore Matthew Perry's name with the abolition of flogging in the navy—a distinction, it seems to us, not fairly made out for this officer.

Apparently there was room for a new translation of the 'Swiss Family Robinson,' and Mrs. H. B. Paull has undertaken it (Frederick Warne & Co.). She finds fault with her predecessors' renderings, as being either too literal or too free—un-English and obscure, or unfaithful to the original. We have not put her version to a like test, but it is at least good English. To tamper with the time-honored title was probably deemed imprudent; 'The Swiss Crusoes' would be both more idiomatic and more intelligible. The illustrations are very numerous.

When we meet on every page of Mrs. J. H. Walworth's 'History of New York' (Belford, Clarke & Co.) sentences like this: "The Brit-ish sent a splen-did young of-fi-cer named An-dre (*sic*) on this dan-ger-ous er-rand," we must confess that it is written, not in words of one syllable, but in syllables of one word. There is a curious pro-Southern chapter on the late war, not true to the facts, and naïve in its implied horror of immediate emancipation and constitutional opposition to the extension of slavery into the Territories. If it was necessary to touch the causes of the war at all, something different should have been prepared for infants north of Mason and Dixon's line.

Slavery is also the weak point of Mr. Edward Eggleston's 'History of the United States and its People' (Appletons). We include the book in the present list, although it professes to be "from first to last a school-book"; for it has readable qualities, and its distracting excess of illustrations for school-children is well calculated to lure any voluntary young rover. Mr. Eggleston has endeavored to make cause and effect visible, and has, therefore, avoided a strictly chronological arrangement, or "the rigid grouping by epochs." But how does this work when applied to slavery? He admits that the civil war, which reconstructed Constitution and Union, was caused by slavery; but whereas he is at pains to show the nature of Indian life and warfare, he nowhere pictures the condition of the slaves. The only slave-burnings he specifies were in this city in the middle of the last century, and he intimates that this stage of cruelty was got over, whereas there was a slave-burning in Georgia in 1860, on the very eve of secession. He briefly outlines the Constitution, but makes no mention of the pro-slavery compromises in it on which the Union depended. He omits to notice that Texas revolted against a Government which prohibited slavery, and treats the morality of the Mexican war, which was one of pure slaveholding aggrandizement, as an open question to this day. In fact, all that is said of Texan independence is very misleading. Mr. Eggleston discovers "something given to each side" in the compromise of 1850. There is no account of the organization of the anti-slavery sentiment of the country in its various forms. In short, we are always shown the effect, but never the cause. This history has no preëminence over those which have preceded it as a chronicle of events or a picture of tendencies. It is strongest on the non-political side, in its antiquarianism and in its illustrations, which are mostly of a high order. Some statements, like some of the portraits, are open to question. Is it settled that December 21 is the true Forefathers' Day? Is it true that we have "no religious establishment in any part of the country" so long as there are army and navy chaplains, with formal compulsory religious services?

Vassili Verestchagin, Painter, Soldier, Traveller. Autobiographical Sketches translated from the German and the French by F. H. Peters, M.A. New York: The American Art Association. 1888.

It will probably be said that this little book is published as an advertisement for Mr. Verestchagin's pictures now on exhibition in this city. Even granting this, it is nevertheless very remarkable, and deserves to be read for its own sake. It is full of observation, experience, and adventure, and sets forth in a vivid way, not only the horrors of war, which are shown as well in some of the pictures, but the intrigues and petty spirit of rivalry which may exist in an army during a war together with absolute devotion to a great cause. As an exposition of some of the faults of Russian management during the Turkish war, it is very remarkable. It shows with great freedom the shortcomings of the commissariat and staff management, the bad generalship and even the personal weaknesses of many of the officers; yet the reader will scarcely have his sympathy with some of the characters lessened by the picture given of their personalities. The author does not spare himself more than others, as when he admits trying to have two Albanians hanged (although they probably richly deserved it), chiefly for the purpose of sketching something that he had never seen.

This is a genuine, and evidently a true record of personal experience. Even where the author has a little the air of praising himself, he is merely trying to tell the exact truth in a simple Russian way. The character of Verestchagin for straightforwardness is well known. The reviewer happens to have been in every place which he describes, though not on the occasions mentioned, and to have known the majority of persons spoken of (though he has never met the author), from General Kaufmann and the Grand Duke Nicolas down to Khristo, the Bulgarian cavass of General Ignatieff; he has heard Captain Skrydloff tell their adventures when attempting to blow up a Turkish ship, and in the very citadel of Samarcand has heard from Verestchagin's comrades of his bravery during the siege and of his modesty after it, as well as what he does not himself tell—that when General Kaufmann gave him the Cross of St. George, the most coveted distinction in the Russian army, he refused it, saying that he had come to Central Asia "as an artist and not as an officer."

Verestchagin began life as a naval cadet, but had subsequently devoted himself to painting, and, when he wished to go to Central Asia, was given a commission simply that he might wear a uniform and thus have a distinct status and greater freedom of action; but he was not called upon for military duty. He brought back a great collection of sketches as well as some very remarkable pictures—remarkable not only for their freedom from the conventions which then hampered Russian art, but for their truth to nature and life. They made the traveller breathe again the air of Turkestan. These pictures were exhibited in London in 1873 and in St. Petersburg in 1874, and were finally sold to Botkin, the great tea merchant of Moscow, as a nucleus for a public gallery. They excited great enthusiasm in Russia, but the Emperor on his visit to them objected to one called "The Forgotten," which represented a Russian soldier dead in the desert and birds of prey hovering over and attacking him. The Emperor said, "That picture is false; no Russian soldier can ever be forgotten." Subsequently, General Kaufmann took the artist aside and scolded him in severe terms — such as Russians sometimes allow themselves to use — for having dared to paint pictures which displeased the Emperor and brought him in dishonor, after so much kindness had been shown to him and he had received so much Government money, and accused him of want of patriotism that he had so often portrayed the barbarians as victorious. Verestchagin replied by taking his knife and cutting three pictures—"The Forgotten," "The Surrounded," and "The Attack on the Fortress"—from their frames, which were left empty for the remainder of the exhibition. Photographs of them, however, still remained on sale at the print-sellers. It was about this time that the writer had occasion to communicate with Verestchagin on an affair of busi-

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ness which could be more easily managed by a personal interview. Application was therefore made for his address to Beggrow, his agent, the great printseller on the Nefsky Prospect. Beggrow replied that he did not know it himself; that Verestchagin had refused to give it, and had even requested him not to receive any letter or communication for him.

The Emperor—for admiration had evidently prevailed over fault-finding—asked to have Verestchagin brought to him. A new uniform was ordered expressly for the occasion; but, when the day came, although the barber was in attendance, Verestchagin could not bring himself to sacrifice his beard—for beards were not then allowed in the army—pretended a sudden and violent illness, and stayed at home.

In consequence of the exhibition of his pictures of Central Asia, the Russian Academy of Fine Arts conferred on Verestchagin the honorary title of Professor. This he refused because, as he stated in a brief letter to the *Golos*, he considered all grades and conditions in art to be unconditionally hurtful. Immediately after this he started off on his first journey to India; and then a perfectly unknown Academician attacked him in the newspapers for daring thus to insult the Academy, and accused him of not having painted the pictures himself, but of having had them done by a sort of firm of which he was the head. He declared the pictures devoid of all artistic value, and made a variety of other absurd charges. Verestchagin's friends threatened an action for libel. The Academy declared that the Academician in question spoke for himself only; and he finally retracted all that he had said, implying only that Verestchagin had been led astray by the examples of Raphael and Rubens.

Proverbs, Maxims, and Phrases of All Ages. Compiled by Robert Christy. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

It is doubtless true, as is affirmed by the author of these volumes, that all notable collections of proverbs hitherto published include very many tainted with impurity. It may be added that the ordinary conversation of the common people of all races—who are the great preservers, if not creators, of proverbs—is affected by the same taint. This is not to be attributed altogether to prurience, but is due, in part at least, to the necessity of calling a spade a spade, imposed upon those who deal directly with the great processes of nature. Polite society ignores the existence of many of the functions of animal life, and regards any allusion to them as coarse; but the working world cannot blink them, and talks of them, as of its other business, in proverbs and comparisons whose raciness and humor are indisputable. The grossness is often more prominent than the wit, but if we would know men as they are, we must not be fastidious.

Still, there is such an obvious convenience in having a book of proverbs suitable for family use that we were favorably disposed towards this collection because of its professions of purity. This disposition was increased by the promise of a topical instead of an alphabetical arrangement of proverbs which was held forth in the preface, and by the extent of the index, which occupies seventy-five pages. We were somewhat disheartened by discovering, after a time, that the list of abbreviations employed was inserted after the title-page of the second volume, that this list comprised only fourteen words, and that only three of this number were names of men, to wit: the Earl of Beaconsfield, Publius Syrus, and William Shakspere. The abbreviation "Maga." applies only to *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, that periodical having been found by the author to be "stored with literary jewels." Not having regarded Lord Beaconsfield precisely as an author of proverbs, we thought to prove the collection by looking for what is perhaps the most striking of his epigrams, "Youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret"; but to our consternation it did not appear. It was only by accident that we subsequently found that in addition to the rubric "Youth" in its proper alphabetical place, and that of "Youth (age)," which followed it, it was necessary to refer to the sixteenth page of the first volume, where, among the A's under the heading "Youth, Age," our epigram was hidden. As there is no such rubric in the index, and as "Blunder" gave us no help, we felt that our author was not altogether to be trusted—the more that, looking by the way for "It was worse than a crime, it was a blunder," it seemed to have been omitted or concealed.

What hope we still felt in our author's scholarship was turned to despair by the following statement: "Asses' bridge. (*Pons Asinus.*) *The fifth proposition of Euclid*," and by finding that he had credited to Byron "He makes a solitude and calls it peace." Nor were we comforted by learning that Stilson Hutchins had declared that abstinence was the mother of competence, that Dr. Angus Smith had said that foul air slays like a sword, or that C. C. Baldwin had advised the readers of his 'Moral Maxims' to disdain the bitter bread of dependence. The very first line of the book—"There are many rare abilities in the world that fortune never brings to light"—is an index to its character. Platitudes are not proverbs, and were it not for the elasticity of the term "Phrases" which the author uses in his title, we should say, in the language of the law, that half of his collection ought to be struck out as irrelevant and immaterial.

As illustrations of the author's insensibility to the importance of brevity in a household manual, we take the threefold repetition of the maxim concerning the building of a bridge for a flying enemy (vol. i., pp. 297-300), the fourfold repetition of the proverb about touching pitch (vol. 2, p. 127), and the double recurrence of the saying about "little pitchers" *sub voce* "Pitcher" after it had been given under "Child."

In a work of this kind omissions are inevitable, but we have failed to find so large a number of what are really household words that we are convinced of the worthlessness of the book to most purchasers. We had marked as omitted the proverb "Don't cross the bridge before you come to it," having failed to discover it under "Cross" or "Bridge," but afterward stumbled upon it under "Conduct (Rules of)." Even worse as a rubric is "Every," especially as many proverbs beginning with that word are to be found under other heads. There is a notable lack of the commonest of all proverbs, those from the Bible; we find no "needle's eye," nor, in that connection, any reference to the needle in the haystack. But it would be a waste of space to put down all that we have not found, or further to point out the defects and errors of the index. We cannot regard the author as qualified for such a work as he has undertaken. His scheme is a good one, but he has carried it out so poorly as to produce only disappointment and exasperation. The book is neatly bound and handsomely printed, but upon paper so heavy as to make it fatiguing to handle.

B. C., 1887: A Ramble in British Columbia. By J. A. Lees and W. J. Clutterbuck. Longmans.

This is decidedly a readable book. The country described is as unknown to the general reader as the interior of Africa, and the description of its physical peculiarities, and of its inhabitants, both biped and quadruped, gains greatly from a number of excellent illustrations. The writers are possessed of a love of nature and an appreciation of its charms, a lack of which would prove fatal to any adequate account of the magnificent Selkirks; and they possess, moreover, a sense of the humorous which is conspicuous by its absence in most English travellers. On the other hand, the reader has a right to complain of the incessant introduction of puns—such puns as a man may be guilty of in camp, but only on condition that they be not recorded. The following account of the noble red man is not particularly new, but is probably true:

"To begin with, he is *not* noble; his impassive dignity and austere reserve are pure inventions—in fact, one of his most amiable characteristics is a tendency to play practical jokes and to be intensely amused at trifles. . . . He is *not* red—at least we don't think he is; but he has so many layers of dirt on him that, though in summer time he has very little clothing to cover his geology, still we cannot swear that our vision has ever penetrated his stratification down to the real skin: what we *have* seen is a smoky kind of tan color. And, finally, about half the time he is *not* a man, for as the women all ride on both sides of a horse at once, and are if possible plainer, and in other respects more like them in every way, than the men, who on earth is to express any decided opinion about it?"

The tendency of the dwellers among mountains to use strong language is thus explained:

"At home we are all sorts of respectable things, such as church-wardens, book-makers, sons-in-law to rural deans, etc., and don't use fifteen shillings' worth of wicked swear-words in a year. But put us out here in B. C. (and we don't need to be much put out either), and the language we habitually use at the top of our voices would disgrace a meeting of teetotalers. The curious thing is, that we are not ashamed of it, mean nothing by it, and pay no attention to it; so we are convinced the blame rests with those centres of imaginative energy, the mountains, and are happy."

After reading about the infinite discomforts of camping out in all weathers, about the disasters that attend baking in the dark, the horrible taste of tea made with alkali water, the vexation of spirit that follows an accidental mingling of the curry powder, the tooth powder, and the flour—the stay-at-home reader marvels at the courage and perseverance of these travellers, and probably comes to the conclusion that they must be very young. This conclusion becomes a certainty when he discovers at page 328 an elaborate criticism of the American people as a whole, based on a very casual acquaintance with some of the Western States. It is the old story of physical deterioration resulting from hot cakes, iced water, want of exercise, etc., etc., the falsity of which cannot be made clear to a certain class of intellects either by life-insurance statistics or by any of the other equally well-known arguments. In spite of such crudities, however, the book will interest and amuse sportsmen and others who have heard of this little-known region, now brought within reach by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

From Flag to Flag: A Woman's Adventures and Experiences in the South during the War, in Mexico, and in Cuba. By Eliza McHatton-Ripley. D. Appleton & Co.

This is one of the books that make writers blush for their craft; for what is the use of

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practice, they may be tempted to ask, if a mere cadet can thus come forward and excel many a *vieux sabreur?* Heavy odds might be laid that a skilled maker of books would not have succeeded in producing so charming a result as that wrought by this inexperienced writer. What in her is a delightful simplicity and straightforward movement—delightful because so evidently natural and unconscious—could only have come from the severest self-restraint in the case of a veteran, whose very expertness would be continually seducing him into excursions and disquisitions and moralizings, all suggested over and over again by the situations of her story, but ignored by her with the artless art of those who know not the doctrine of ill-doing nor dream that any do. Even her literary inexperience falls out to the pleasure of the reader, since the minor defects of her style are water-marks of genuineness, and prepare him to yield himself unsuspiciously to the real attractiveness of her writing. But, of course, literary inexperience does not mean the absence of the literary gift, and Mrs. McHatton-Ripley has some qualities of style which mark her as the possessor of it. Vividness of description is one of them, and her pictures of the panic-stricken flight from Baton Rouge and of the tornado in Cuba stamp themselves on the reader's mind so as not easily to grow blurred.

In a word, the book is an account of personal adventures which would be called extraordinary did not one remember that the civil war must have brought similar ones to many. We are told of a woman, tenderly reared and accustomed to luxury, driven from her beautiful home on the Mississippi by Federal gun-boats, seeking refuge in remote parts of Texas, for several months flitting back and forth across the Rio Grande, and finally settling down with husband and children on a sugar plantation in Cuba. Her hardships are endured with the rarest pluck and good-humor, and her shifty way of meeting difficulties seems almost to point to a Yankee strain in her blood. Best of all, she can write of all that is past without the shadow of bitterness, and tells of the fading of the Confederacy and of Confederate hopes, only to add in retrospect: "We prayed for victory—no people ever uttered more earnest prayers—and the God of hosts gave us victory in defeat. We prayed for only that little strip, that Dixie-land, and the Lord gave us the whole country from the Lakes to the Gulf, from ocean to ocean—all dissensions settled, all dividing lines wiped out—a united country for ever and ever!"

We have read the book with great interest, and would hail it as a contribution to the new Southern literature much more worthy of the name than some writings that are now running their course.

Pen and Ink: Papers on Subjects of More or Less Importance. By Brander Matthews. Longmans, Green & Co. 1888.

Most of the papers contained in these volumes first appeared in magazines. One of them—the paper "On the French spoken by those who do not speak French"—printed now for the first time in its present form, contains passages from briefer articles contributed during several years to the *Nation* and other publications. The last essay, called "Poker-Talk," is apparently wholly new. All the papers are written in the essayistic vein, once so common and now so rare, the leisurely, half-serious, half-humorous method of treating a subject which relieves both writer and reader of a certain amount of responsibility, and carries the latter gently along in the path which the former wishes him to take, without actually driving him along it with a logical or moral lash. There is a great deal of sound sense and reason behind what Mr. Matthews has to say, as, for instance, in the article on the "Ethics of Plagiarism," which ought to be read—if reading it would do them any good—by the hosts of simple-minded persons who see a theft in every literary coincidence. Mr. Matthews's proposed canon of plagiarism—that "a writer is at liberty to use the work of his predecessors as he will, provided always that (1) he does not take credit (even by implication) for what he has not invented, and (2) that he does not in any way infringe on the pecuniary rights of the original owner"—is only open to this objection, that it is too broad and indisputable. The really difficult cases are those where there is some actual resemblance in external form, and here the verdict must often depend on the question of intent, though the second branch of Mr. Matthews's rule will frequently furnish a very valuable practical test. For example, in one of the great modern fields of the plagiarist, the drama, how repeatedly have the courts been called to decide whether this or that wonderful piece of sensational art—the railroad scene, let us say, in which the victim, bound to the track and left for dead by the villain, is suddenly snatched from the jaws of death by the avenger, amid the roar and rush of the approaching train and the plaudits of a sympathizing audience; or the castle scene, where the brave Irish boy climbs the castle wall from moat to battlement before our eyes, to grapple with his dastard foe in the beautiful moonlight above, and hurl him over the parapet to richly merited death on the rocky shore beneath — whether such scenes as these infringe some copyright or other.

Mr. Matthews contrives to put into his essays a good deal of criticism and information, and if we do not agree with him at all points, it is partly because there are so many that there is room for difference of opinion here and there. His style is always clear, and if he is sometimes a little over-ingenious, as in his "Philosophy of the Short Story," he can plead in defence that this is the defect of his quality—that is, of a keen and discriminating intelligence.

Moralphilosophie gemeinverständlich dargestellt von Georg von Gizycki. Vol. I. Leipzig: Wilhelm Friedrich. 1888.

The general spirit and drift of the present work are very well indicated in the names of the chief men whom the author acknowledges as his masters. They are stated to be Bain, Coit, Salter, Sidgwick, and Spencer. Germans generally prefer the fatherhood of Kant, and it is not difficult to perceive that Prof. Gizycki, whatever he attributes to the influence of others, has some debts which he owes to the great Königsberger; for a man is always affected by his environment, and Kant, like the great and grand figure of Augustine, has his shadow stretched upon Europe still. Germans cannot escape his influence, for his ideas are a part of their intellectual heritage. But the intelligibility of the work under notice, with or without the perceptible contributions from Kantian thought, is the natural result of its acknowledged parentage. It does not profess to go profoundly into the subject, but it performs a good service by not doing so; for the less recondite mode of presenting ethics is the only successful means of reaching the largest number of those interested in its problems.

Prof. Gizycki is an invalid whose case is comparable to Hartmann's. We therefore turned with special interest to what he had to say of pessimism. The morbid sensitiveness to pain so prevalent in the present age keeps up in minds like Carlyle's and Schopenhauer's a perpetual cry at the existence of evil and suffering. But we naturally expect complaints from those to whom Nature has not been kindly. Moreover, pessimism is the present passion of German thought, due to social causes on the one hand, and to the reaction against the philosophy of Hegel on the other. Prof. Gizycki's philosophy has not taken the color of his misfortune. He preserves his equanimity when the odds of nature are against him. Although in a recent brochure he apologized for the life and philosophy of Schopenhauer, he now makes that brilliant philosopher's pessimism the subject of some very sensible strictures and criticism. These strictures are all couched in terms intelligible to ordinary experience.

Schopenhauer, revolting against the lazy optimism of the eighteenth century, as formulated in Pope's maxim, "Whatever is, is right," showed that ethics were unnecessary or impossible if optimism were true. But he was not content with this: he was bent on the proof of the opposite, notwithstanding the actual existence of some pleasures. He therefore contended that the mere existence of any pain at all was enough to decide the case, no matter what might be the balance between pleasure and pain. But he overshot the mark; for, holding that ethics originated in the sentiment of pity, he assigned to morals an existence which is as incompatible with pessimism as with optimism. If things are incurably evil, social and moral efforts that grow out of pity are useless and irrational. This is all shown very clearly by the author. The truth is, that neither optimism nor pessimism is exclusively defensible. Schopenhauer, however, had to be one-sided or nothing. The causes of his pessimism are many and deep, but they are very well summarized by the author in two remarks, applying to that class of thinkers in general—namely, that it grows out of too extravagant claims on life and the favor of fellow-men; and that a solitary life of brooding over existence, without any experience in human love, and without sharing in mankind's hopes and efforts, can only generate the most morbid sentiments. Sitting down in the universe to see it go, will only jaundice the intellectual and moral vision. It is work, not thinking, that will cure the disease. Goethe saw this, and wrote in Schopenhauer's own album for his behoof:

> "Willst du deiner Werthe freuen,
> So musst der Welt du Werth verleihen."

It is gratifying to see this wholesome criticism of pessimism, especially from one who has less reason to be grateful to nature than Schopenhauer. It is a timely and forcible remonstrance against the unhealthy reaction from the romanticism of the eighteenth century that culminated in the 'Sorrows of Werther.' Life will not be made any better by the belief that existence is incurably evil. Indeed, the very possibility of "meliorism," as George Eliot would call it, seems to be the correlate of knowing that things are not what they ought to be; so that the extravagant assertions of pessimism must be qualified by those contingencies which make the efficiency of the human will available in efforts, at least, to proximate the ideal. The great trouble, outside the sphere of science, is that this is a sentimental age. We cannot live and fight and die, like Homer's warriors. We are all crying about the sufferings of others, like Sterne over the dead ass, never stopping to reflect that half the evils we deplore are the imaginary pains which we *might* suffer

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if we were in somebody else's place. There are pain and evil enough, it is true; but we borrow trouble, and exaggerate the amount of suffering in existence, by confusing the possibility of pain with its reality. All this and many other interesting points are brought out by the author with admirable good sense and judgment.

Nearly one-third of the volume is occupied with the relation between theology and ethics, and exhibits the usual radicalism of German writers upon this subject. With the argument we have no fault to find, but the spirit is sometimes unjust, and is in danger of carrying over to the new position the bigotry which is everywhere deplored in theological and dogmatic systems of ethics. Nevertheless, the author's remarks are very instructive regarding a tendency with which all moralists must sooner or later make their peace. It is remarkable that Prof. Gizychi says very little about the relation of evolution to ethics, a question much more vital to the interests of the present age than the one just mentioned. The subject was open to him under the topic "Nature and Morals." The chapters upon this topic have some interest in a critical way, but deal a little too largely with scholastic questions.

The chief faults of the present work are those which characterize all ethics of the chair. It does not occupy itself sufficiently with the problems for which the science of ethics exists. In other respects it is very interesting. It is rich in literary allusions and historical incidents of opinion, calculated to make the subject popular.

History of Insurance in Philadelphia for Two Centuries (1683–1882). By J. A. Fowler. Philadelphia.

THE history of insurance in Philadelphia is, to a large extent, the history of insurance in the United States; for the prudence and frugality of its people have made that city a favorable field for the agencies of companies chartered outside of Pennsylvania, so that the interests and history of other insurance centres are closely interwoven with those of Philadelphia. The work before us is divided into four parts: I. Marine, II. Fire, III. Life, and IV. Miscellaneous Insurance. In each of these parts we find a more or less detailed statement of the conditions existing two hundred years ago, and the circumstances which produced the necessity for some provision for the distribution of loss by fire or marine disaster, and finally led to the formation of organizations for pursuing the business of insurance. It was not until 1759, however, that any corporation bearing the semblance of a life-insurance company was formed, and that was limited to the relief of needy Presbyterian ministers and their families by means of survivorship annuities. From this germ, but largely within the last half-century, has been developed the vast business which now counts its obligations by the thousands of millions of dollars, with more than sufficient assets to meet them as they mature.

The volume is a bulky one, with a complete index to each part, which would seem to obviate the necessity for such elaborate headings to each of the many chapters, by which the size of the book has been materially increased. It is, however, a work of value and interest to the whole insurance fraternity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Collection of Twelve Photogravures from Original Paintings. Troy: Nims & Knight. $3.
Barnett, Rev. and Mrs. S. Practical Socialism: Essays on Social Reform. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.
Bidwell, G. Forging his Chains: an Autobiography. Indianapolis: Historical Publishing Co.
Browning, R. Poetical Works. Vols. VII. and VIII. Macmillan & Co. $1.50 each.
Browning, R. The Pied Piper of Hamelin. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway. Geo. Routledge & Sons. $2.
Bryant, W. C. An Autumnal Pastoral. Troy: Nims & Knight. $5.
Bryce, Prof. J. The American Commonwealth. 2 vols. Macmillan & Co. $6.
By Lawn and Lea. Troy: Nims & Knight. $2.
Cain, W. S. A Trip Round the World in 1887–8. Geo. Routledge & Sons. $2.50.
Chevilard-Lenoir, A. Celebrated Artists with Fifteen Notable Etchings by Flameng, Monzies, Unger, etc. Troy: Nims & Knight. $10.00.
Crooker, J. H. Jesus Brought Back: The Problem of Problems. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.
Daudet, A. The Immortal: A Satirical Novel. John B. Alden. 50 cents.
Denton, L. W. Under the Magnolias. Funk & Wagnalls.
Dole, C. F. Jesus and the Men About Him. Boston: George H. Ellis.
Dumas, A. Twenty Years After. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Edwards, Amelia B. A Thousand Miles Up the Nile. 2d ed. Geo. Routledge & Sons. $2.50.
Fontaine, Prof. C. Historiettes Modernes. 2 vols. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Garnett, R. Twilight of the Gods, and Other Tales. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Gastineau, E. The Conversation Method for Speaking, Reading, and Writing French. Ivison, Blakeman & Co. $2.
Gems of French Art. Troy: Nims & Knight. $3.75.
Holst, Prof. H. von. John Brown. Edited by F. P. Stearns. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.
Howells, W. D. Annie Kilburn: A Novel. Harper & Bros.
Hugo, V. The Man Who Laughs. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Hugo, V. Toilers of the Sea. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Johnson, Mrs. Herrick. Comfort. New and enlarged ed. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $1.
Jullien, A. Hector Berlioz: Sa Vie et ses Œuvres. Paris: Librairie de l'Art; New York: Macmillan.
King of the Night. Troy: Nims & Knight. $2.
Lemaitre, J. Impressions de Théâtre. Paris: H. Lecène and H. Oudin.
Levy, Amy. The Romance of a Shop. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Lowell, P. The Soul of the Far East. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Macgibbon, D. The Architecture of Provence and the Riviera. Edinburgh: David Douglas.
May, Caroline. Lays of Memory and Affection. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $1 50.
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